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Italy
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Saudi Arabia's
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A Letter from the Publisher

There is a sullen reminder of what terrorism is doing to some aspects of life in Italy right outside the window of TIME's bureau in Rome. The office is just a few doors down from the Via Veneto, the broad, sunny avenue lined with outdoor cafes where the rich traditionally mingled with the curious. By day, the street is still busy, and tourists converge over wine and soda. But at night, the crowds no longer throng the avenue that was one of the most gay and fashionable in Europe. The *dolce vita* has been soured.

The job of covering the work of the Red Brigades and the murder last week of Aldo Moro was directed for TIME by Rome Bureau Chief Jordan Bonfante, whose parents are Italian. The story had its problems. Says Bonfante: "The main difficulty was the 'gray-out' that authorities imposed from the outset, clamping down hard on information to avoid giving any help to the terrorists and to minimize the sensationalism on which the Red Brigades thrive."

Like many foreign correspondents these days, Bonfante has become all too familiar with the varieties of terrorism and what they do to people. While in the London bureau he covered Northern Ireland. He reports that the mood there, where the population is badly split, is quite different from that in Italy, where only a tiny minority of the people sym-

pathize with the cause of the Red Brigades. Belfast is grim, day or night, but Rome—for those who are not rich or famous—is still a pleasant city by day. The tourist season is already under way. The flowers are blooming, and long lines of cars wind out to the nearby beaches. After dark, however, most of the streets in central Rome button up as the police, armed with submachine guns, begin their patrols. One effect of the terrorism in Italy, says Bonfante, is that fear has paralyzed the instinct of Italians to excel in something and thereby catch the public eye. Anything they might do that attracted publicity could also attract a terrorist.

Filing for the Moro story, which was written by Associate Editor Marguerite Johnson, Bonfante and his staff faced a situation that was keeping everyone—police as well as journalists—off balance, feeling out of touch. But the story had a way of intruding on the private lives of staffers. A Via Gradioli Red Brigades hideout turned out to be next to the school attended by the daughter of TIME's Logan Bentley. And the spot where Moro's body was found was just 25 yards away from Correspondent Roland Flamini's apartment. That night, Flamini watched from his window while Romans created a flower-filled shrine on the spot. The shrine, photographed in color, appears in this week's World story on the Moro murder.



Rome Chief Bonfante

Ralph P. Davidson

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Cover: Illustration by Roy Andersen.



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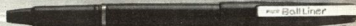
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ONE OF THESE CAMERAS WAS MADE JUST FOR YOU. HERE'S HOW TO TELL WHICH ONE.

If you've considered buying a 35mm single lens reflex camera, you may have wondered how to find the right one out of the bewildering array of models and features available.

And you have good reason to wonder, since the camera you choose will have a lot to do with how creative and rewarding your photography will be.

Of course, what you pay for your camera is important. But it shouldn't be your only consideration, especially since there are very expensive cameras

and shoot simplicity. The difference is in the kind of creative control you get.

For landscapes, still lifes, portraits and the like, you'll want an *aperture-priority* camera. It lets you set the lens opening, while it sets the shutter speed automatically.

This way, you control depth-of-field. That's the area of sharpness in front of and behind your subject. Many professional photographers believe that depth-of-field is the single most important

the lens opening automatically.

Minolta makes both types of automatic camera. The Minolta XG-7 is moderately priced and offers aperture-priority automation, plus fully manual control. The Minolta XD-11 is somewhat more expensive, but it offers both aperture and shutter-priority automation, plus full manual. The XD-11 is so advanced that during shutter-priority operation it will actually make exposure corrections you fail to make.



Minolta makes all kinds of 35mm SLR's, so our main concern is that you get exactly the right camera for your needs. Whether that means the advanced Minolta XD-11. Or the easy-to-use and moderately priced Minolta XG-7. Or the very economical Minolta SR-T cameras.



that won't give you some of the features you really need. So before you think about price, ask yourself how you'll be using the camera and what kind of pictures you'll be taking. Your answers could save a lot of money.

How automatic should your camera be?

Basically, there are two kinds of automatic 35mm SLR's. Both make use of advanced electronics to give you perfectly exposed pictures with point, focus

factor in creative photography.

At times you may want to control the motion of your subject for creative effect. You can do this with an aperture-priority camera by changing the lens opening until the camera sets the shutter speed necessary to freeze or blur a moving subject. Or you can use a shutter-priority camera, on which you set the shutter speed first and the camera sets

Do you really need an automatic camera?

Without a doubt, automation makes fine photography easier. But if you're willing to do some of the work yourself, you can save a lot of money and get pictures that are every bit as good.

In this case, you might consider a Minolta SR-T. These are semi-automatic cameras. They have built-in, through-the-lens metering systems that tell you exactly how to set the lens and shutter for perfect exposure. You just align two indicators in the viewfinder.

What should you expect when you look into the camera's viewfinder? The finder should, of course, give you a clear, bright view of



Automatic sequence photography is easy when you combine a Minolta XD-11 or XG-7 with optional Auto Winder and Electroflash 200X.

Specifications subject to change without notice.

your subject. Not just in the center, but even along the edges and in the corners. All Minolta SLR's have bright viewfinders, so that composing and focusing are effortless, even in dim light. And with a Minolta there's never a question about focusing. You'll find focusing aids in every Minolta 35mm SLR viewfinder that make it easy to take critically sharp pictures.

Information is another thing you can expect to find in a well-designed viewfinder. Minolta believes that you should never have to look away from the finder in order to make camera adjustments. So everything you need

to know for a perfect picture is right there in a Minolta finder.

In the Minolta XD-11 and XG-7, red light emitting diodes tell you what lens opening or shutter speed is being set automatically and warn against under or over-exposure. In Minolta SR-T cameras, there are two pointers which come together as you adjust the lens and shutter for correct exposure.

Do you need an auto winder?

If you like the idea of sequence photography, or simply want the luxury of power assisted film advancing, an auto winder may be for you. Minolta auto winders will advance one picture at a time, or continuously at about two pictures per second. And they give you advantages not found in others, like up to 50% more pictures with a set of batteries and easy attachment to the camera without removing any caps. Optional auto winders are available for both the Minolta XD-11 and XG-7, but not for Minolta SR-T cameras.

How about electronic flash?

An automatic electronic flash can be combined with any Minolta SLR for easy, just about foolproof indoor photography without the bother of flashbulbs. For the XD-11 and XG-7, Minolta makes the Auto Electroflash 200X. It sets itself automatically for correct flash exposure, and it sets the camera automatically for use with flash. An LED in the viewfinder tells when the 200X is ready to fire. Most unusual: the Auto Electroflash 200X can fire continuously in perfect synchronization with Minolta auto winders. Imagine being able to take a sequence of 36

flash pictures without ever taking your finger off the button.

You should be comfortable with your camera.

The way a camera feels in your hands and responds to your commands can make a big difference in the way you take pictures.



The match-needle viewfinder: just align two indicators for correct exposure. Because you're doing some of the work, you can save some money.



The electronic viewfinder: light emitting diodes tell you what the camera is doing automatically to give you correct exposure.

The Minolta XD-11 and XG-7, for instance, are compact, but not cramped. Lightweight, but with a solid feeling of quality. Controls are oversized and positioned so that your fingers fall naturally into place. And the electronically controlled shutters in these advanced automatic cameras are incredibly smooth and quiet.

Minolta SR-T's give you the heft and weight of a slightly larger camera, but with no sacrifice in handling convenience. As in all Minolta SLR's, "human engineering" insures smooth, effortless operation.

Are extra features important?

If you're going to use them, there are a lot of extras that can make your photography more creative and convenient. Depending on the Minolta model you choose, you can select from a number of special features. For instance, some models let you take multiple exposures with pushbutton ease (even with an auto winder). Other available extras include a window to show that film is advancing properly, a handy memo holder that holds the end of a film box to remind you of what film you're using, and a self-timer that delays the release of the shutter

so you can get into your own pictures.

What about the lens system?

Just about every 35mm SLR has a lens "system." But it's important to know what the system contains. It should be big enough to satisfy your needs, not only today, but five years from today.

There are almost 40 interchangeable lenses available for Minolta SLR's, ranging from 7.5mm fisheye to 1600mm super-telephoto, including macro and zoom lenses and the smallest 500mm lens in the world. And since interchangeable lenses should be easy to change, the

patented Minolta bayonet mount lets you remove or attach them with less than a quarter turn.

What's next?

After you've thought about how you'll be using your camera, ask your photo dealer to let you try a Minolta. Handle the camera for yourself. Examine its features and the way Minolta has paid close attention to even the smallest details. And by all means, compare it with other cameras in its price range. You'll soon see why more Americans buy Minolta than any other brand of SLR. For literature, write Minolta Corporation, 101 Williams Dr., Ramsey, N.J. 07446.

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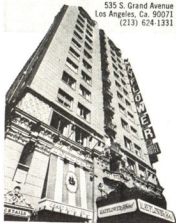
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Gelsey's Grace

To the Editors:

"Bravo" to Paul Gray for his outstanding article on Gelsey Kirkland [May 1] and on the dance explosion in the U.S. I, too, am a fairly recent convert to the world of dance, and I can still vividly recall my first *Sleeping Beauty* at the Met, with Nureyev and Fonteyn. All it takes is one superb, electric performance like that to turn anyone into a ballet fanatic.

Kirkland and Baryshnikov's *Giselle*, in this area, was another such performance, with Gelsey's fragile grace and beauty and Misha's exciting strength and virtuosity.

Mark E. Lehman
Los Angeles



The photograph of Gelsey Kirkland limbering up epitomizes the ambivalence inherent in Kirkland's ballet of perfection: it is at once artistically awe-inspiring and physically grotesque. The flesh is mortified, and the world is enriched.

William R. Jenkins III
Greenwich, Conn.

Your article on Gelsey Kirkland was beautiful, and it made my twelve years of ballet seem all worthwhile.

Susan Kennedy
Tuscaloosa, Ala.

I enjoyed Paul Gray's article about Gelsey Kirkland and the "soaring" of American ballet. However, I was disappointed that he began his article by depicting ballet classes as places for "countless thousands of little girls." This ignores the fact that there are boys in some of those classes. And it discourages the parents of other boys who might be considering ballet classes for their sons.

Bill E. Forisha
Bowling Green, Ohio

As I was reading your story about Gelsey Kirkland I was again caught by the feeling I have received so many times

Letters

when I've read about a show business great or near-great and that is—I'd much rather watch her perform than have to live with her!

Harriet Peltzman
Eatontown, N.J.

Carter and Country

After reading your rather gloomy assessment of the Carter Administration and the state of the country [May 1], I have just one question: Have things ever been better?

Considering the lack of leadership over the past 15 years that produced recession, war and threats of impeachment, I think things look pretty good for Carter, and for the country.

David P. Osgood
Santa Cruz, Calif.

The President came down from Camp David saying he would try to do better. He is supposed to have been doing his best for the past 15 months. Anything better will be the end of us. He pushes bills at Congress like a used car salesman showing the finance papers under your nose. Just sign please. Don't bother to read the fine print, it's O.K.

Since then he has been on the boob tube like a teen-ager's idol. The only trouble is, he comes over with as muchumph as a dish of grits.

John K. Stanyer
Scotts Valley, Calif.

So! The President, according to the Iowa Democratic chairman, "is hauling too much water?"

Well, how could it be otherwise? Every time he sends some responsibility to Congress they "pour it back" because there's an election coming up. Every special interest group in the country stands around with its bucket—many of them rusty and full of holes—saying "fill it up." Carter is a very remarkable man with tremendous forbearance.

Lillian Johnson
Livingston, Ala.

The Union Man

Although I haven't seen "F.I.S.T.," I much enjoyed Richard Schickel's review of it as "J.U.N.K." [May 1].

Yes, yes, Jimmy Hoffa deserves better. I took some of the last still photographs of Hoffa at his Michigan home. Some carpenters were building a new porch for him, and one of the men wanted to "go downtown for some stuff." Hoffa whipped out a pencil, grabbed a shingle and began writing down the crew's shopping list, then headed for his car to fill the list himself. "Why are you going?" I asked Jimmy. He winked at me and said, "You know how these union guys are—you send them downtown for nails and they end up having a few beers on the time clock." His broad smile covered the

SOMEHOW, SCOTCH BOTTLED ELSEWHERE ISN'T QUITE THE SAME.

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Letters

irony of his having helped labor achieve such a questionable state. He was a human. B.I.G.

Arthur Shay
Deerfield, Ill.

Richard Schickel's review of Sylvester Stallone's "F.I.S.T." needed a qualifying phrase, or else it was an unnecessary slap at American labor. Schickel said the film did not offer a "historical insight into how the American labor movement so quickly deteriorated into self-serving materialism."

One can hope that he was only referring to some elements of American labor, not all.

Howard Denson
Jacksonville

Schickel's review of "F.I.S.T." talks about everything but the tremendous passion, excitement and impact that Norman Jewison's direction infuses the film with. There's more genuine love for movie making in any single moment of "F.I.S.T." more controlled energy and more depth of understanding, than any of the other "important" or "personal" films to come out this year.

Dale Winogura
Los Angeles

Paraquat and Pot

I wonder if Dr. Bourne, in your story about spraying marijuana with paraquat [May 1], really believes that the people ever gave him or any other elected or appointed official a mandate to make our lives or parts of them "totally safe." If I wanted to be totally safe, I would expect legislation against getting out of bed. Does Dr. Bourne want me to believe that he is trying to save anyone from a dangerous substance by using another dangerous substance?

Bob Ricklefs
Cimarron, N. Mex.

For many long years the U.S. Government has been trying to find something dangerous about marijuana; now they have made it dangerous.

Ralph Colby
Ithaca, N.Y.

Why is Senator Percy worried about our "poisoning our citizens"? Have these citizens considered the fact that they are breaking the law in the first place?

If they want to break laws that are set up to protect them, why the concern when they end up in trouble? Keep spraying, Mexico!

Deb Castillo
Columbus Grove, Ohio

Space Theology

It should come as no shock to Christians that there is life elsewhere in the universe, as discussed in "Dabbling in Exo-

Take a look at the down-sized Grand Prix, Monte Carlo and Cutlass. Then take a look at this new size Chrysler LeBaron coupe. If the others seem less than you expected this year, LeBaron presents more than you expected.

You won't find power steering or power front disc brakes standard on Monte Carlo. (You won't find full-size, 15-inch radial tires and wheels, either.)

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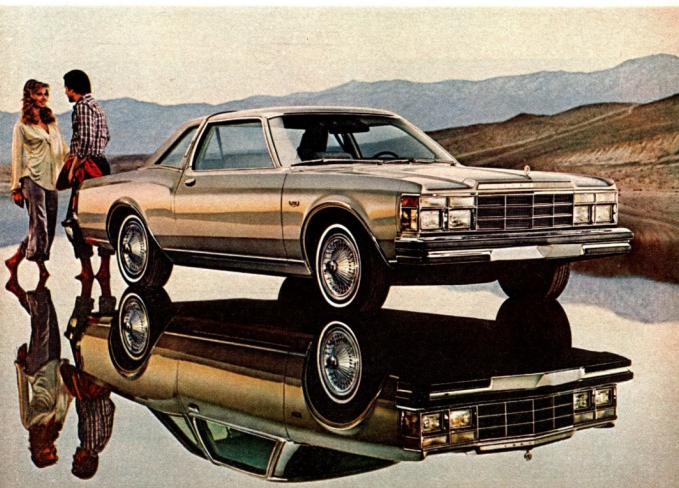
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Letters

theology" [April 24]. Christ identifies his own as existing "from one end of heaven to the other" (Matthew 24:31) and further tells us, "In my Father's house are many mansions" (John 14:2).

Patrick C. Baker
Elmhurst, N.Y.

The article "Dabbling in Exotheology" brought to my mind a question: Is there a belief that extraterrestrials may come here with the same questions about God, expecting answers?

Michael Ambrose
Silver Spring, Md.

Your contention that in my *Christian Century* article I maintained that Jesus Christ was the product of a "genetics experiment" is ludicrous. My concern was whether the idea of the origin of humankind with extraterrestrial assistance would in any way compromise what the church believes about the uniqueness of God's revelation in and through Christ. Personally I don't think that it would, since the heart of that revelation (that God is love and mercy) is at the moral core of the universe. It is of cosmic dimensions and is not limited to the earth or to the people on it.

(The Rev.) Jack A. Jennings
Montana State University
Bozeman, Mont.

Greens Are Better

To Truman Capote's remark that the rich are different because "their vegetables are better" [May 1], I would like to add, "Especially their greens."

Paul Jasper
Maywood, N.J.

Holocaust's Impact

The television production of *Holocaust* [May 1], contrary to the opinion of Elie Wiesel, was necessary to remind the world of the atrocities human beings are capable of perpetrating against one another. Though not stated, the production clearly indicated that there is a little bit of Nazi in all of us.

Consequently, if man is to survive on this planet it will be necessary for him to control his killer instinct and teach his children that "I will not kill."

Michael Thal
Santa Monica, Calif.

I must agree with Lance Morrow's observation that the American adolescent trying to comprehend the phenomenon from television comes away with a shallow understanding.

As a high school history teacher, I spent part of two class periods discussing *Holocaust*. I was shockingly awakened to

the melodramatic aspects of the production when a ninth-grader asked about the photographs of stacked, starved bodies shown to Nazi Dörf during the last installment. "What happened to those people? Why did they look like that?" he asked. Many youngsters saw *Holocaust* more as a swashbuckling novel than as a historical atrocity.

William D. Buckley
Kew Gardens, N.Y.

My children have toured Dachau. They saw the ovens and stood in the showers, but they didn't begin to comprehend what happened until they watched *Holocaust*. The drama was worthwhile.

Sheila J. Dolan
North Stonington, Conn.

Though I watched *Holocaust*, I found that I could not feel the same sympathy for the plight of the Jews as I would have 30 years ago. We have since been made vividly aware of the Zionist Jews' shameful treatment of the Palestinian people, who were not even remotely responsible for the suffering of the Jews in Europe.

Dan West
Gaithersburg, Md.

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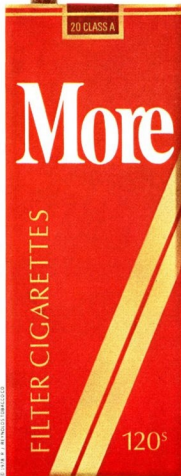
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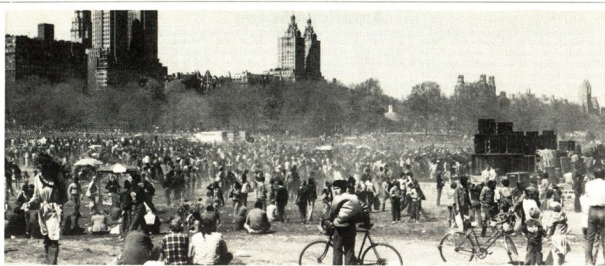
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In Central Park, six rock bands and 10,000 unpaid extras stir up clouds of dust and nostalgia during the filming of *Hair*

American Scene

In Manhattan: Reliving the '60s

So this little old lady gets on the No. 10 bus down Central Park West, just as she does every Sunday morning, with her white gloves and little pillbox hat, the whole thing, on her way to church. She looks up and—whooa, driver, this bus is loaded with *hippies*. Wrong. It's *packed* with them, strange cats in flowers, feathered, frock coats, velvet vests, beads, bangles, headbands, hair out to here, and everybody passing joints. Far out. This thing is a rolling time capsule. Age of Aquarius stuff, very 1960s. So the lady sits down next to this dude in old Army fatigues, and after a few blocks she says to him, "We don't see many hippies around here any more." And he says to her, I swear, "Lady, at these fares, I'm not surprised."

Maybe you had to be there to appreciate it. Same as with the 1960s. All these books and movies dribbling out now about that fine old decade are so *heavy*, they lack the old ring of *verismo*. But this bright and mellow spring Sunday just might turn out to be, well, different, you know, *together*. Milos Forman, the Czech-born director (*One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest*), trying to turn the Aquarian Age stage hit *Hair* into a movie, needs an authentic circa 1968 "be-in" as backdrop for crucial scenes. Those affairs having gone the way of peace symbols and miniskirts, he has to wing it. So Forman's munchkins hire six rock bands, reserve the twelve-acre Sheep Meadow in Central Park and put out a call for extras: "Director Forman will prominently feature those who dressed appropriately in the costume of a flower child," the ads say. "That is, exactly what was worn in 1968!"

Hence the morning's motley on the No. 10. The gang de-buses at 67th Street, joining park-bound streams and eddies of

other brightly plumed flower children—active, retired and would-be. In the first category is Sukey Leeds, 34, who says she wasted much of the 1960s "working on the Nixon finance committee, and I never went to a demonstration in my life until the animals turned me on." By way of explanation, she points to a RESPECT THE ANIMALS DON'T EAT THEM button on her peasant blouse (coordinated skirt, 35¢ at a rummage sale) and continues: "People are into getting healthy now. I do yoga every night, so I don't go to movies any more. I won't see this one. I'm trying to get into herbs." Another keeper of the flame is Steve Shliveck, 27, a onetime student radical. "Me, I haven't changed," he says. "I'm a little mellow maybe, and my acne has cleared up."

Among the retirees is Peggy Polinsky, 34, who can trace her *bona fides* back to longtime residence in Haight-Ashbury, when that was the world capital of hippiedom. Now a mother of two and the wife of an actor who works in soap operas, she has brought her brood, because "city kids don't get a chance to play in the dirt much. Besides, I used to go to a lot of these things." But rock concerts today are not the same as their 1960s antecedents, she insists, surveying with disgust the already growing carpet of empty beer cans and wine bottles around her. "There's a lot more drinking and puking now."

By far the largest number of pilgrims marching through time and beer cans this morning are too young to remember much of the 1960s. "That age was a bit early for me, so I didn't really know how to dress for this," confesses Mark Kaplan, 23, out of Atlanta, who adds that a more knowledgeable friend lent him the striped Indian cotton shirt he is wearing. A lady

companion confesses further: "We're really just waiting for the tennis court we've reserved."

Toward 9 a.m.—still an ungodly hour for secular New Yorkers to be up and about on a Sunday—there are some 2,000 of these folks (8,000 more are still coming on the No. 10 bus and other conveyances) spreading their blankets, unpacking their Frisbees, getting one token over the line and window-shopping the small army of pushcart food vendors already in business. There are shishkebab carts, doughnut-and-apple-juice carts, organic-bread carts and, later, one kimono-clad Occidental mixing onions, ground beef, celery and sweet peppers in a charcoal-fired wok (yummy). Suddenly, from behind a 20-ft.-high wall of amplifiers, one of the six bands strikes up "Keep on rockin' me, baby," rattling windows and dental work blocks away. Slowly and unobtrusively, Director Forman's talent scouts circulate through the crowd, buttonholing especially photogenic candidates for medium-distance crowd shots. The serious business of moviemaking is under way.

Assistant Director Mike Hausman, 42, a bronzed and bearded fellow in a red baseball cap, divides the elect into three teams and moves them around the field with the firm assurance of an offensive line coach. Group A is ordered to "mill around" behind one of the movie's stars, Suzette Charles, 18, as she lip-syncs a song. Getting solipsistic '70s people to mill properly is not as easy as it might sound. "Hell no, we won't go," quips a recalcitrant young man, face painted red, white and blue. Some mill too fast, others too slowly; still others stare into the camera when they should be ignoring it. Ital-

American Scene

ia, a billiard-bald extra known as "Miss Bald America," sidles up to Charles in mid-song, plops down behind her and stares fetchingly into the camera. Cut. Hausman, neck veins bulging, yells at her; she leaves, muttering, "I bet he's bald under that cap." Hausman reshoots the scene successfully—until a young man strides in front of the camera in a pair of bright blue Adidas sneakers. Cut. They made Adidas in 1968, but flower kids didn't wear them. "We researched everything carefully," says Lester Persky, who is co-producing the movie for United Artists. "We were even worried about Frisbees, but it turns out there were a lot of them then."

There were also a lot of bicycles in 1968, but not in the numbers and models that descend on Central Park these Sundays: flotillas of gleaming ten-speed Peugeotts, Atalas, Gitanes, Raleighs and Fujis. Cut. One curious cyclist is nearly clothed-lined by a Hausman staffer to prevent his vehicle from mowing down the entire Twyla Tharp dance company as it limbers up for a *Hair* number. Cut. And then there are the joggers. Cut. Cut. Cut.

Jogging is a very '70s pursuit, and Hausman's goons have to shoo away armies of gum-soled fitness freaks whenever they get in *Hair*'s way. Most are gracious, and one even pitches in to help tether a 40-ft. red phallic balloon for the crew. But a

thirtish intruder does not take it well. "F— your movie. We're the ones who ended the goddam war!" he shouts, and turning to a New York City policeman, adds: "Mow 'em down, why don't you? In 1968 you knew how to mow 'em down!"

This is an unfortunate reminder for Miles Forman. In 1968 he was still making movies in Prague; after seeing *Hair* in New York, he wanted to bring the musical to his home town. The 1968 Soviet invasion cooled that dream, and it did not thaw until Forman met Co-Producer Persky at a party (for *Cuckoo's Nest*) in Manhattan three years ago. "These people fought the good fight, and they shouldn't be ashamed of it," Forman says of his guests for the day. "We think the time to make the movie *Hair* is now."

John Savage, 27, Forman's leading man, agrees. He plays a sober, clean-cut student activist who gets drafted and is brought to today's be-in by freaky friends for a preinduction fling. "The spirit of the '60s is only something to feel good about," says Savage, displaying all the articulateness that distinguished the youth of that period. "These kids... some of the memories are happy," he adds, and his eyes mist over with happy memories.

More likely they are misting over with dust. It is everywhere, thick as Mayor Daley's tear gas, swirling up in gritty gusts

and sticking to your body paint. Alas, one major difference between the first Central Park be-in and today's is that this time there is more grass in the air than on the ground. New York City's finances, having gone the way of peace symbols and miniskirts, do not permit enough maintenance to keep the grass in the style to which Park Designer Frederick Law Olmsted's 19th century sheep were accustomed. The dust flurries are so bad that filming has to be halted a few times, and a wind machine is imported to make sure that later scenes will match today's. Quips Savage: "This is really a remake of *Lawrence of Arabia*."

Of course, a little creative film editing and nobody will know the difference. Despite the best efforts of Forman and his helpers to re-create the spirit of the '60s, the spirit of the '70s keeps intruding, striding through the day in bright blue Adidas. Too many telltale Perrier bottles, expensive French jeans, \$30 blow-dry haircuts. And while 10,000 visitors to the Sheep Meadow this day at least try to recall a simpler age of love, peace and tolerance, hundreds of citizens who live near the park file complaints of one sort or another with the local authorities. A few days later the city will mail a summons to *Hair*'s producers for an offense that was not even on the books in 1968: noise pollution.

—Donald Morrison

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Some things have to be watched more carefully, depending on how and where you drive your car. For example, if you do a lot of driving on dry, dusty roads, you may need to change the air cleaner and oil filter more often than the maintenance schedule indicates. Remember, the maintenance schedule that comes with your car is based on average driving conditions.

If you have an older car that still needs an annual tune-up, what should it include? There are some basic things to be checked: spark plugs, points, condensers, idling speed, and drive belts.

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The F-15 amid controversy. Clockwise from top left: former Secretary of State Henry Kissinger before Senate Foreign Relations Committee; Defense Secretary Harold Brown and Secretary of State Cyrus Vance before House committee; Senate Minority Leader Howard Baker; Senate Swing-Voter Muriel Humphrey; Senate Committee Chairman John Sparkman (left) with Chairman-to-Be Frank Church; Administration Opponent Jacob Javits.



The Fight over Fighters

After weeks of fierce lobbying, Carter's plane sale looked ready to fly

Congressional victories never seem to come easy for Jimmy Carter—when they come at all. So there was reason for quiet euphoria mixed with continuing wariness at the White House last week when the Administration moved a major step forward in its uphill battle to sell \$4.8 billion worth of U.S. jet fighters to Israel, Egypt and Saudi Arabia. In an 8-to-8 tie vote, following days of intensive and bipartisan lobbying, the Senate Foreign Relations Committee declined to reject the three-part arms deal. White House Press Secretary Jody Powell declared Carter to be "extremely gratified" with the result.

Actually, the President's victory was costly, incomplete and less convincing than he had originally hoped, but it successfully cleared the way for a more decisive verdict by the whole Senate, possibly on Monday. There, too, Carter was outwardly confident that he could win. So was Senate Majority Leader Robert Byrd. Said he late last week: "As of now the votes are there."

If so—and there was no guarantee of what effects a weekend of fierce lobbying might produce—it would be an impressive victory for Carter, given the energy and passion that have been expended on the plane deal. Or, rather, on one aspect of it: the sale of 60 F-15 fighters, considered to be among the world's most advanced interceptors, to Saudi Arabia. Carter's original proposal also included the sale of 15 F-15s and 75 F-16s to Israel, and 50 less sophisticated F-5Es to Egypt. In the eyes of the country's vocal and powerful Jewish lobby, the Saudi sale is a direct threat to Israel's security. But to the Administration and its backers, the offer is not a threat to peace but a means of supporting moderate Arab political forces and preserving U.S. influence in the Middle East.

By law, the House and Senate have 30 days after the President gives notice of an arms sale in which to block the arrangement by a joint resolution. If either chamber declines to object to the President's initiative, the sale goes through. (The deadline for the latest deal is May 28.) Both House and Senate rely heavily on committee recommendations in making their decisions; a recommendation for or against a sale would be difficult to reverse. In carrying out its pro-sale campaign, the Administration therefore concentrated on two main fronts: the Senate Foreign Relations Committee and the 37-member House International Relations Commit-

tee. Those bodies received anti-Administration resolutions brought forward by Delaware Senator Joseph Biden and Florida Representative Dante Fascell.

Three weeks ago Administration officials thought they had the battle won in the House committee. They were wrong. Fascell pulled together a substantial (22 to 15) majority behind his resolution, but then committee members decided to delay any decision until this week. Sudden-

(worth \$16 million each) to Israel, in exchange for approval of the Saudi deal. This moved New York Senator Jacob Javits, a key Jewish spokesman, to remark, "I believe we're on a road which could lead to a settlement." Senate Minority Leader Howard Baker and Illinois Republican Charles Percy switched to Carter's side. The same day, Vance and Defense Secretary Harold Brown iterated to the House International Relations Com-



Senators Clifford Case (left) and Frank Church voting in opposition to John Sparkman (center) Clearing the way for a verdict by the whole Senate. "As of now the votes are there."

ly the action shifted to the Senate committee, chaired by Alabama Democrat John Sparkman.

The odds there looked bleak for Carter. Originally, by the Administration's count, Chairman Sparkman had been the only one of the 16 committee members who actually supported the package. Carter's advisers then looked hard for ways to rally more support.

One was found—with some nudging by former Secretary of State Henry Kissinger. Testifying before the Senate committee, Kissinger called the 90-plane allotment for Israel "the very lowest end of the spectrum." In ardent discussions between Israel and the Ford Administration, he said, the number of fighters being considered was "several orders of magnitude above this."

Carter and Secretary of State Cyrus Vance, who were already considering an increased Israeli allotment as a "sweetener," apparently took the cue. On Tuesday Vance offered to allot 20 more F-15s

mittee that Saudi Arabia had agreed it would use the warplanes only for defensive purposes.

Following up, the next day Brown wrote to Senate Foreign Relations Committee members of more guarantees. The Saudis, he said, would not transfer the aircraft to any third country—as the Israelis fear—and would not allow foreign nationals access to the planes without U.S. authorization. Moreover, the Saudis would not purchase any other combat aircraft while receiving the F-15s. This was most important, because the Saudis could buy and receive France's commendable Mirage F-1 by the end of the year without any restraints on its use.

One of the most vocal proponents of the White House concessions was Idaho Senator Frank Church, her apparent to Sparkman as Foreign Relations Committee chairman. Carter aides said last week that Church personally made a commitment to deliver the necessary

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votes; Church insisted that he had promised only to press his colleagues for fair and open-minded consideration of the Administration proposals. At any rate, Church persuaded John Glenn of Ohio to back the sales. On the Republican side, lobbying help came from none other than Gerald Ford, who persuaded Michigan's Robert Griffin to fall into line.

But suddenly, on Wednesday afternoon, Chairman-to-Be Church seemed to lose his nerve. Apparently he believed that the White House moves would bring a sizable majority of the committee around to endorsing the sales. They did not: despite his favorable comments earlier, New York's Javits, for example, decided not to budge. Adding up the votes, Church realized that seven legislators, including such unchanging anti-sale Senators as New Jersey's Clifford Case, still opposed the deal. He decided to join

them. Said one committee member: "He was frightened by the passion of the pro-Israel speeches." Said an angry Carter to staff members: "The next time you get a commitment, let's get some earnest money."

The most hotly pursued vote belonged to Minnesota's Muriel Humphrey. Vice President Mondale telephoned from Hawaii to make a personal appeal to the widow of his political mentor. On the other side, Humphrey's Minnesota colleague, Senator Wendell Anderson, argued strenuously that she block the sales. On Thursday morning, with the vote less than two hours away, Jimmy Carter himself called Humphrey to make a brief telephone pitch while the committee was in session. She told the President she had already decided to back the Administration.

After deadlocking on the motion to

reject the F-15 sales, the committee unanimously agreed to send the resolution to the Senate floor without recommendation. This action made a bruising floor fight a virtual certainty, even if Majority Leader Byrd had done his head counting carefully. One doubter was Minority Leader Baker. Said he: "I think it's pretty close."

If the White House was sticking to its public optimism on the Middle East controversy, it had grounds for serious concern in other fields. Immediately after the F-15 vote, the Senate Foreign Relations Committee torpedoed another presidential policy proposal. By an 8-to-4 vote, members upheld the 1975 U.S. arms embargo against Turkey that resulted from its invasion of Cyprus. Carter wants that embargo lifted to prevent the Turks from loosening their ties with NATO. One presidential victory at a time, it seems, is about all that Congress can bring itself to permit.

"Mutual Interests"

As Secretary of Defense Harold Brown wrote Congress last week, Saudi Arabia is prepared to guarantee formally that any F-15s it purchases will never be transferred to another Arab state for use against Israel. Crown Prince Fahd made that commitment public in his own words in a TIME interview with Cairo Bureau Chief Wilton Wynn that ranged over many aspects of the proposed plane sale. Said Fahd:

"American arms sales are always linked with guarantees that they will not be transferred to other parties, and the kingdom of Saudi Arabia honors those guarantees. Furthermore, transfer of sophisticated weapons from one party to another is not an easy matter. A highly advanced jet like the F-15 is not like an automobile that any driver can handle. These planes require a long period of training for pilots and many other complicated preparations, which make them difficult to transfer from one army to another."

Why would the kingdom of Saudi Arabia need a weapon as sophisticated as the F-15? "Saudi and American experts together prepared the list of our arms needs, and the two reached a joint decision that the F-15 is the most appropriate element of defense for Saudi Arabia." Those defense needs are closely related to the geographical facts of life for a country with "vast territory, long borders and natural wealth."

Fahd insisted that the F-15 would not be used as an offensive weapon: "Our military situation as a whole is based on a particular defensive strategy. The kingdom of Saudi Arabia has never been known to commit aggression against anyone. Furthermore, in meeting its defense requirements, Saudi Arabia lags behind other countries in this region. We sincerely believe our efforts should be concentrated on development and our potential should be used for promoting the prosperity and happiness of our people. That is why we were late in building up our military capabilities."

Would Saudi Arabia give directly to Israel a guarantee

about restrictions on use of the F-15s if it received a reciprocal guarantee of some sort from Jerusalem? "We have learned from experience that Israel does not respect whatever guarantees it gives. Their recent invasion of south Lebanon, while using the most destructive American weapons, is a proof of what I say."

The Prince declined to call the F-15 issue a test of U.S. reliability as an ally, but he did note the "mutual interests" of the two countries. "We believe we have legitimate defense requirements. We expect that these requirements will be accepted and understood by all our friends, especially the U.S., with which we have longstanding traditional relations, always based on the mutual interests of the two countries. Frankly, a positive attitude by the American Congress toward the sale of F-15s to Saudi Arabia will be regarded as proof of the continuity and strengthening of relations between our two countries."

Fahd also refused to link Saudi policy on the dollar and oil prices with the aircraft sale, but he was critical of Washington for failing to cope with America's energy problems. "We will do our best to help the U.S. and our other friends in meeting their requirements and overcoming whatever difficulties they may have in this respect. As you know, we decide on the quantity of our oil production according to world need. But the so-called energy crisis is not necessarily connected only to the volume of oil production. For example, the U.S., the largest oil-consuming nation in the world, so far does not have any national energy policy. So far as we are concerned, we are always willing to participate effectively in solving any so-called energy crisis, but we cannot shoulder all the responsibility."

What if the F-15 deal fell through? The Prince answered obliquely: "We believe we have legitimate requirements for defense, and we are certain that we have always behaved like good friends to the American people. Quite naturally, we expect that the American people reciprocate our good feelings and translate this into action. The final decision, however, is left to the makers of American policy."



Saudi Arabian Crown Prince Fahd

CHARLES-CAMERON PRESS

Donnybrook over the Budget

But the House heeded the message from home: Fight inflation



O'Neill and New Jersey's William Hughes

"Nothing is as tough as getting a budget resolution through the House." So confessed Connecticut Democrat Robert Giaimo, chairman of the House Budget Committee, after narrowly winning an acrimonious fight last week to limit federal spending in fiscal 1979 to \$500.9 billion, \$42.7 billion higher than this year's record budget.

The annual budget resolution, which the House and Senate assumed as a major responsibility in 1974, amounts to a statement of principle setting forth what Congress decides should be the Government spending plans for the fiscal year that begins Oct. 1. The Senate has passed its own budget resolution to spend \$498.9 billion, and late last week members of the two chambers began working out a compromise that will be sent to President Carter early this week. Whatever the exact total finally is—and many economists believe it will be too high and burdened with too large a deficit—it will set the guidelines for all of Congress's deliberations on appropriations in the months ahead.

Last week's House debate was a classic donnybrook, not just between Democrats and Republicans but also between free-spending liberals and hard-fisted conservatives, between Congressmen who want to cut military spending in favor of social welfare and those who want the exact opposite. Serving as a referee of sorts was Giaimo, 58, whose job was to ensure that no one could force through an amendment greatly changing the overall figures worked out by the Democratic leadership.

A giant of a man (6 ft. 3½ in., 220

lbs.), Giaimo is a 20-year veteran Representative from New Haven. He regards himself as a liberal on social welfare issues but a moderate on economic questions largely because of the influence of his banker father. Says Giaimo: "I learned a healthy respect for economic realities from him."

But the Congressman was confronted last week by an array of lobbyists and Congressmen who wanted to tack more money onto the budget resolution—for defense, for social service programs, for farm supports, for education, for veterans' benefits. To all of them, Giaimo had the same rejoinder: "It's time that we curb our appetites. If we're ever going to get control of the budget, this is the time to do it."

On Giaimo's side were some powerful allies, including an inflation-minded President who had threatened to veto any new programs that would make the budget deficit higher than \$60 billion (the House resolution forecasts red ink of \$57.9 billion) and many voters who oppose increasing the federal deficit. This same anti-inflation spirit turned House Republicans into a formidable force, even though they are outnumbered by Democrats, 288 seats to 147. In contrast to Senate Republicans, who let their budget resolution breeze through unchallenged last month, House Republicans set out to cut about \$20 billion from the Democrats' proposed spending. Said New York's Barber Conable, a chief G.O.P. budget strategist: "Bob Giaimo is exhibiting grace, wit and patience in a difficult task—and I don't like his product."

When Giaimo opened the House debate two weeks ago, declaring that "congressional restraint is imperative," the first stiff challenge came from a fellow Democrat, New York's Samuel Stratton. He wanted to add \$2.4 billion to the proposed defense budget of \$115.7 billion (compared with this year's Pentagon budget of \$110.1 billion). In private, Giaimo had pleaded with Stratton: "Look, if you put your amendment in, you're playing into the hands of those who want to defeat the budget resolution. Leave it alone." But Stratton would not budge. Fumed Giaimo: "How the hell do you talk to Sam Stratton? He's going to say, 'The Russians are coming!' He's going to blow the bill out of the water." But, to Giaimo's surprise, most Democrats held firm, and the House defeated the Stratton amendment, 212 to 142.

Then the Republicans launched their first attack. Maryland's Marjorie Holt proposed an across-the-board cut of \$21.4 billion. After a few minutes of debate on an almost empty House floor, Democratic leaders thought they could easily block her amendment. Suddenly, Republican Congressmen, who had been waiting in the Speaker's lobby and the Republican

cloakroom, poured into the chamber. The Democrats hastily regrouped. Speaker Tip O'Neill wandered around the floor, glowering and muttering at potential Democratic defectors. Majority Leader James Wright of Texas collared three Democrats and persuaded them to vote the leadership line. He dashed into the cloakroom, pulled another Democrat off the phone and told him, "By God, we need you." The leaders managed to switch seven votes altogether, and the Holt amendment lost, 203 to 197.

Conservatives tried another offensive last week with an amendment proposed by Virginia's Joseph Fisher to slash 2½% from the budget resolution. O'Neill, Wright and Democratic Whip John Brademas of Indiana again grabbed wavering Democrats and persuaded them to support the party's leadership. O'Neill jokingly described the arm twisting as "strictly an appeal to reason." Said Wright: "After they had already gone over the brink, we threw over a rope and pulled them back." The leaders changed a dozen votes, and the Fisher amendment was beaten, 203 to 195.

The Democratic leaders did lose a few votes. The House voted to increase spending for veterans' benefits by \$844 million, to a total of \$21.3 billion (\$1.1 billion more than this year's budget). The House also favored reducing projected revenues by \$635 million in case Congress later gives parents tax credits for children enrolled in private schools and colleges.

All along, Giaimo had counted on not receiving any G.O.P. votes for his overall budget resolution. He even expected that he might be defeated and forced to start all over again. But on the final vote, three Republicans unexpectedly supported him, and that gave him the victory, 201 to 197.



Giaimo making point on the Capitol's steps

"It's time that we curb our appetites."

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Cutting the Cut

Carter gives in on taxes

Over scrambled eggs and bacon at the White House last Thursday morning, Jimmy Carter broke some important news to the chairmen of the congressional budget committees, Senator Edmund Muskie of Maine and Representative Robert Giaimo of Connecticut. Said the President: "I think it's wise to go along with a lower tax cut."

With that calm announcement, Carter signaled that he had finally been persuaded by the advice that most businessmen, economists and congressional leaders have been giving him for several weeks: his proposed tax cut of about \$25 billion is too large. In December, when he first proposed a cut of that size, Administration economists figured that it was needed to stimulate profits, investment and employment, and thus head off a business slowdown forecast for the second half of the year. Since then, inflation has picked up speed, to an annual rate of 9.2% during the first quarter of the year. Observed Charles Schultz, Carter's chief economic adviser: "Economic conditions change, and we would be idiots not to change."

Carter will now seek a tax reduction of roughly the \$19.4 billion that Democratic congressional leaders have been telling him the House and Senate will pass. Further, he wants the cut to take effect on Jan. 1, 1979, three months later than he originally proposed. As a result, according to the Administration's calculations last week, the projected 1979 deficit will be slashed by about \$10 billion, to a total of \$53 billion, and inflationary pressures will be considerably reduced. In turn, said Schultz, there will be less pressure on the Federal Reserve Board to clamp down on inflation by a further tightening of credit. That same argument was presented to Carter by Reserve Chairman G. William Miller in private pleas for trimming the tax cut.

The initial reaction from many business leaders was that the economic stimulus to be expected from the proposed cut was not worth the extra deficit that it would add to the budget. Asked Irving Shapiro, chairman of Du Pont de Nemours & Co.: "Why have it at all if the reductions are going to be too small to do any good?" Oregon Democrat Al Ullman, chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, which is handling the tax legislation, welcomed Carter's decision, but said that the cut should be reduced to about \$15 billion. In any event, Carter may back down even further if the economy continues to accelerate. Said Schultz, in his typically guarded style: "I cannot say that, if economic conditions change radically, the legislation won't be changed."

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

The Perils of Giving 'Em Hell

There is a rich literature of political assault. "We love him for the enemies he has made" was the boast of Grover Cleveland's supporters in 1884. Teddy Roosevelt gloried in confrontation with tycoons ("malefactors of great wealth"). F.D.R. had his "economic royalists" to pummel. Harry Truman is still celebrated as a man who liked to "give 'em hell."

Jimmy Carter is writing his chapter. Not being eloquent, robust or profane, Carter is making his critical mark by sheer scope. Within the past few days he has given Russian President Brezhnev the brush-off over the neutron bomb, thumped his own civil service for administrative horrors, thundered against lawyers for greed, attacked bureaucrats again, this time for being bureaucrats, accused the Russians of racism and assaulted doctors for associating too closely and raising prices. In his first months, too, Carter and his people potted away at such inviting targets as the oil-and-gas industry, tax-deductible-martini drinkers, Congress, unmarried couples who live together, smokers, tax-depreciable yachts. Carter, it has been suggested, may now be approaching the point where it will be easier to list those he has not officially frowned on—morticians, country singers, Boy Scouts, missionaries and Billy.

Political bombast can be marvelous theater. It helps the ratings. Cutting up rascals is a joy because there are so many of them around. A lot of what Carter said happens to be true. And just about everybody loves to see somebody else get a well-deserved whack. Of course, Carter's new presidential tack has also produced some lively criticism, particularly from those who are disappointed in him.

An eloquent voice in Carter's defense is former Secretary of State Dean Rusk, now a professor down at the University of Georgia. Rusk sees much of

the Carter problem as arising from the very noble motive of standing beyond the grasp of any interest or bloc. "President Carter is trying to look at the national interest," Rusk said. "Somebody has to. There is a frenetic quality now about the demands of the special interests. If you add up all the demands being made, they would destroy the nation. The military wants billions more. The mayors call a \$60 billion program a 'first step,' the farmers want to plant all they



can and be guaranteed a profit. This insatiability could devour us."

Rusk makes a good point. But Carter has enlarged his own problem. He is uncomfortable with bigness and complexity. He is suspicious of wealth and achievement, wary of tradition, protocol and many of the rituals of advanced urban society. In his populist fevers he sometimes seems mistakenly to champion mediocrity rather than excellence. Some of his prejudices seem to arise more from his small-town background than from reason and experience in a diverse world. A Congressman who went to the White House to argue tax reform with the President came away feeling that Carter made good sense until he began to explain why first-class air fare should not be allowed as a business expense. "There was something funny about the way he talked," said the puzzled visitor. "It was more than just an objection to a tax deduction. I could not follow him."

Unwary politicians have been known to be seized by a malady normally found among spiritual leaders. In their relentless pursuit of evil, the lonely champions who bring enlightenment sometimes convince themselves that the more they suffer the better they are. In recent months, time and time again, Carter has pointed out that his decline in the polls has been due to his determination to do what others would not do, to be right when others were wrong.

In the pulpit or during pursuit of the clearly identifiable philistines of exorbitant indulgence, such an approach to leadership may be effective. But the recent record suggests that it can be an extremely hazardous way to run a republic that has brought the vast majority of its people undreamed-of wealth, poise and awareness.

"He Ain't Going To Get Nothing"

Labor rejects Carter's plans



George Meany with Carter at the White House

In the first few months of his presidency, Jimmy Carter was viewed with fond and hopeful pride by the leaders of organized labor, who felt they had been decisive in his victory at the polls. "We were in a state of euphoria," recalls Al Zack, AFL-CIO spokesman and a confidant of Labor Chief George Meany. "We had a wish list that was a mile long." But then the disappointments began. Carter and Meany clashed over minimum wage, unemployment, and Social Security legislation. Meany found so many black marks on his list that he added them up and gave Carter a grade at this February's AFL-CIO meeting in Florida. "C minus," he grumped.

Last week Jimmy Carter expressed a wish of his own to Meany and his AFL-CIO executive council during an hour-and-a-half meeting in the White House Indian Treaty Room. Carter told Big Labor that he wanted its support for his program of voluntary wage and price restraints to curb inflation. Only the day before, at a lavish White House breakfast meeting, Carter had announced a gift of sorts for the 83-year-old Meany: a solid Administration endorsement for the troubled labor-reform bill. But despite Carter's help on this pet Meany project, the labor leader turned a cold shoulder to the President's request.

So badly has the Carter-Meany relationship degenerated that Meany's rebuff was never in doubt. "George Meany has nothing but contempt for Carter," one union staffer confided before the meetings. "The way George sees it, Carter doesn't have any real sympathy for the labor movement." A more laconic labor strategist called the outcome of the meeting on wage restraint before it took place:

"Carter ain't going to get nothing." In an earnest 20-minute speech, Carter diplomatically stopped short of asking Big Labor for a public endorsement of his voluntary wage guidelines, which seek to hold wage hikes below the 7.5% average of the past two years, but he did ask for general support for wage restraint without guidelines—if prices ease.

Apparently missing the point, an angry Meany thundered that any guidelines were interference in the collective bargaining process. According to one participant, the President's lips were white with anger as he left the room for his next appointment. Meany said afterward: "We feel that the pressure should be put on the prices rather than the wages." And as for the whole anti-inflation program,

he said, "It's not my job to try and make it work. It's his job."

The bitter words showed that Meany had not been softened by the President's support for the labor-reform bill. That bill, which the Senate is scheduled to take up this week, allows the National Labor Relations Board to impose stiff cash penalties on employers who unlawfully block union organizing efforts. It also shortens from 45 days to 30 days the allowed organizing period before employees vote on union representation (thus allowing management less time to campaign against unionization). After the House approved the measure last October, businessmen descended on Washington to lobby against it, and it now faces the dangers of a filibuster in the Senate.

Voting Against Gay Rights

A backlash against growing tolerance

"Our community could become a haven for practicing homosexuals, lesbians, prostitutes and pimps," said one pamphlet distributed by the Concerned Citizens for Community Standards of Wichita, Kans. Another warned: "There is a real danger that homosexual teachers, social workers or counselors, simply by public acknowledgment of their lifestyles, can encourage sexual deviation in children." These and other fearful concerns—widely circulated in a \$50,000 publicity campaign—helped produce a dramatic result last week in Wichita voting booths. By a ratio of almost 5 to 1 (47,246 to 10,005), citizens repealed a seven-month-old local "gay rights ordinance" that barred discrimination in housing, employment and public accommodations. Coming as it did just two weeks after

voters in St. Paul had overturned a similar law there, the Wichita vote seemed further evidence of a backlash against the gay rights laws passed by approximately three dozen U.S. communities—including Seattle, Washington, D.C., and Tucson, Ariz. In a victory telegram sent to Wichita's Concerned Citizens, Gospel Singer Anita Bryant, who led a similar repeal campaign last year in Dade County, Fla., said: "It is now obvious that the will of the American people is to return this country to pro-family, Bible morality."

After the Wichita vote, teen-agers in pickup trucks shouted obscenities outside the Bus Station, a local gay club. But conservative Baptist leaders of Concerned Citizens carefully pointed out that they sought no persecution of homosexuals.

"We like them," said the Rev. Ron



San Francisco gay rights demonstration protesting the vote in Wichita, Kansas

"The will of the American people is to return this country to pro-family, Bible morality."

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Adrian, "but we just don't approve of their sin." Said the Rev. Ron Ballard, of Emporia, Kans.: "They were under no penalty prior to this law, nor are we advocating any new laws to persecute them. If their sexual preference is kept to themselves, that's within the range of what we can accept."

Wichita homosexuals expected to lose last week's vote, though by a substantially smaller margin. "It's sad that so many people turned out to vote against us," said Bob Lewis, 29, who heads the Homophile Alliance of Sedgwick County, "but gay people here are just getting started." In Minnesota, homosexual State Senator Allan Spear pointed to the bright side of the movement's defeat there: some 40% of the St. Paul voters had supported the gay rights ordinance. Five years ago, claimed Spear, less than 20% of the voters would have supported it. His view: "This is a new and frightening issue for most people."

Last week's Wichita vote caused tremors among gays from San Francisco to New York. When the Wichita results became known in San Francisco, more than 1,000 demonstrators staged a march to Union Square chanting, "Wichita means fight back." In Chicago, Alderman Clifford Kelley decided to delay pressing for a local gay rights ordinance after the St. Paul and Wichita votes. Said he: "I'd rather not call up the bill if it would make a real poor showing." In New York, a *Post* poll showed city residents narrowly opposed to enactment of a homosexual rights bill, 51.6% to 48.4%.

In Eugene, Ore., a citywide referendum to repeal a gay rights ordinance is scheduled for May 23. As of last week, pro-repeal groups in Eugene had not requested help from Anita Bryant. One such organization, known as VOICE, announced that it would stick to political arguments and not raise issues of God and motherhood in its repeal efforts. "We are against any select group having their conduct protected," said VOICE Campaign Worker Michelle Barton.

Many civil libertarians see the repeal votes as an unwelcome suppression of minority rights. Said Presidential Assistant Margaret Costanza: "The voters go in the booth and think they're saying they don't approve of homosexuality. But they're not. They're saying that anyone's human rights can be taken away with the pull of a lever." It seemed more likely that Wichita voters were less interested in restricting the rights of gays than in blocking a community-wide endorsement of a practice they abhor. Says University of Chicago Theologian Martin E. Marty: "The American people have had and will continue to have a growing tolerance for homosexual expression. But there is a big difference between a growth in tolerance and a willingness to legislate homosexuality as a normative alternative." ■



Police van takes "Son of Sam" from Brooklyn court following his guilty pleas

An Urge to Kill

Son of Sam pleads guilty

"Did you have a purpose?"
"To kill somebody."

"Did you have any particular person in mind?"

"No."

"What consequences did you expect?"
"That I'd be arrested and put in jail."

Speaking calmly and without hesitation, David Berkowitz, 24, also known as "Son of Sam," took just 21 minutes last week to complete the macabre litany required by Brooklyn Supreme Court Justice Joseph R. Corso. Its purpose: to establish Berkowitz's understanding of his plea and its consequences, regarding the yearlong spree of .44-cal. shootings that left six victims dead, seven wounded, and made Son of Sam a watchword of terror in New York City. Once the questioning was over, Justice Corso had established that the quiet former postal clerk understood the charges, and knew that what he had done was wrong. He then accepted the defendant's plea on the first of six counts of second-degree murder: guilty.

By convincing the judge that he was competent to plead and then admitting guilt, Berkowitz may have started a new series of legal developments. Both his defense lawyers protested his plea, saying that he was denying himself the chance to be found not guilty by reason of insanity. They promised to appeal, but first Berkowitz will probably be sentenced to from 25 years to life on each of the six counts next week.

Few killers in recent memory have seemed as psychotic as Berkowitz, who also called himself "The Duke of Death," "The Picked King Wicker," "The Twen-

ty-Two Disciples of Hell" and "John Wheaties, Rapist and Suffocator of Young Girls." When finally captured last August, Berkowitz explained that he received orders to kill via a black Labrador retriever. The messages actually came, he explained, from a 6,000-year-old demon reincarnated as Berkowitz's next-door neighbor, Sam Carr. He even may have been, in addition to his killings, a mass arsonist. Introduced in evidence at the hearing were the murderer's diaries listing 1,400 fires, most set in The Bronx between 1974 and his capture in 1977. While it was not established that he actually set them, Berkowitz told his lawyers that he did, and

that the number of fires was closer to 2,000.

The self-declared killer's calm demeanor in court was evidently due, at least in part, to a religious conversion that he underwent while in custody. He had been visited in prison, at the behest of one court-appointed psychiatrist, by a Pentecostal known as "Sister Smith"—Ollie Smith, 58, a beautician who serves part time as a volunteer prison worker. According to *in camera* testimony obtained by the New York *Daily News*, the

psychiatrist described Berkowitz as "ecstatic, radiant, quoting Scripture right and left" after their talks. He also said that Berkowitz saw the guilty plea as a way to confess his "sins" and to avoid stirring up his personal demons again.

Under the terms of his probable sentence, Berkowitz will be eligible for release in 30 years. Such a prospect seems certain to increase support for proponents of the death penalty, who only two weeks ago failed by just one vote in the New York State senate to overturn Governor Hugh Carey's veto of a bill to reintroduce capital punishment. In that sense, Son of Sam and his demons may haunt New York for some time to come. ■



David Berkowitz

Is America's future over a barrel?



At one time the United States imported so little foreign crude oil that it presented no problem at all. But today we are importing more than 45% of our domestic crude oil needs. And by 1985 we could be importing more than half. If our oil supplies are ever cut off again, it could have disastrous effects on your driving, your heating, even your job.

The big question is, how can we avoid increasing our

dependence on imports of foreign oil?

At Texaco we believe that we can all do more to conserve the gasoline and fuel we now use. And our energy supplies from alternate sources must be developed more quickly. Also, our country's exploration and production must be stepped up wherever prospects are promising. That's why we're doing so much to develop domestic oil supplies.

None of us want to see America caught over a barrel.



We're working to keep your trust.

The Ordeal of a Divided Jury

No verdict in the death of "Baby Girl Weaver"

On the sixth day of deliberations, a Saturday, the members of the jury began getting irritable. The air conditioning was broken in the stifling jury room, and the only smoker in the group started chain-smoking. "We thought about banning him," said Juror Marty Garisek, 33, a bakery deliveryman. That evening, Judge James Turner permitted them their one recreational outing from the Santa Ana Holiday Inn, where they were sequestered under close watch: they went to see the movie *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*.

On the eighth day of deliberations, Jury Foreman John Thomas, 35, a naval technician, told the judge that the seques-

claimed to be about 22 weeks pregnant. He injected a salt solution into her uterus, expecting a dead fetus to be expelled some 36 hours later, and left the hospital. That night, Waddill was summoned back by a nurse who said a fetus approximately 31 weeks old had emerged and was showing signs of life. He told the nurse not to care for it and to await his arrival. The hospital's chief pediatrician, Dr. Ronald Cornelsen, said he saw Waddill strangle the infant: "I saw him press down on the baby's neck. He said, 'This baby won't quit breathing.'"

When Waddill was put on trial for murder, to the accompaniment of dem-

of all vital signs." By this definition, the fetus had been alive, since the nurses testified that it had gasped for breath and had a heartbeat. But the jury split widely on the question of Waddill's culpability, with two strongly for acquittal, two strongly for conviction, and the rest unsure. Then, on the ninth day, they were sent home early.

That afternoon, prosecutors and defense attorneys had been meeting in the judge's chambers to discuss a minor procedural point. Prosecutor Robert Chatterton, in idle conversation with his courtroom adversaries, mentioned that a short while earlier he had been telephoned by an Anaheim police officer who asked for a definition of death in connection with another case. Chatterton casually added that he had just found out that doctors generally use a definition found in the state health and safety code.

"What?" cried Waddill's attorney, Dr. Malbour Watson.

"Section 7180 of the health and safety code," Chatterton nonchalantly repeated. Until then, neither judge nor defense attorneys were aware that California law contained a legal definition of death.

"We move," said the obstetrician's other attorney, Charles Weedman, "that we immediately stop the jury from deliberating."

The prosecutor protested vehemently, but the judge ruled that the jury would have to be brought back to court and informed of the discovery. Next day, visibly upset at having to change his instructions to the jurors, he told them the new definition of death as spelled out in the code: "The total and irreversible cessation of brain function." Since brain function had never been tested, the jury became confused.

Thomas, on behalf of the jury, asked for a clarification of the new definition, but was told that it was up to the jurors to decide what it meant on the basis of testimony already given. Said he: "Judge Turner's redefinition came at a very critical time. We were most disturbed by it. After all that work, we had to go back to Square 1."

Thomas was prompted to switch his own vote to not guilty, arguing that the defendant must be given the benefit of the doubt. Back in the jury room, the majority for a conviction now shifted to a majority for acquittal, first 7 to 5, then 9 to 3. The following day, the eleventh day, Thomas announced that the jurors were hopelessly deadlocked, and Judge Turner declared a mistrial. This week Dr. Waddill, who is also being sued for \$17 million by Mary Weaver, returns to court to learn whether he will be tried all over again. The jurors, however, are finished. The day after the mistrial was declared, Kathy Davis got married, with four of the other jurors in attendance at the ceremony in the backyard of her father's home.



Dr. Waddill after mistrial



Jury Foreman Thomas; abortion foes marching in Santa Ana

"We move," said the lawyer, "that we immediately stop the jury from deliberating."

tering was causing problems. They were a fairly homogeneous group—all white and mostly white-collar—but they ranged in age from Frank Darling, 70, a retired stockbroker, to Kathy Davis, 22, a secretary, whose jury duty was interfering with her plans to get married. The pressure and constant monitoring by bailiffs began to bother them. Turner decided to let them go home at night, after ordering them to avoid newspapers and TV news.

On the ninth day of deliberations, they seemed to be leaning toward a guilty verdict. They voted 9 to 3 that the defendant, California Obstetrician William Waddill, whose practice was one of the largest in Orange County, was guilty of murder.

Waddill, 42, had been asked in March 1977 to perform an abortion on Mary Weaver, a high school student who

onstrators waving antiabortion placards, he denied Cornelsen's story. Instead of strangling the baby, he said, he was simply using a common method of feeling its pulse. But his key defense was that the baby was never really alive outside the uterus and that no doctor could have saved it. After hearing 13 weeks of conflicting testimony, the jury had to decide whether "Baby Girl Weaver," as the fetus was known, was ever legally alive outside her mother's womb, and whether the actions (or inactions) of Dr. Waddill led to her death.

Foreman Thomas says the jurors agreed early that the fetus was alive when it was born. They were using a definition of death jointly formulated by the judge, prosecutors and defenders, along the lines of one used by the World Health Organization: "The permanent disappearance



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Double Trouble

In trying to fool the KGB, the U.S. may have fooled itself

One mystery that still haunts U.S. intelligence officials is the disappearance of Double Agent Nicholas Shadrin while on assignment in Vienna more than two years ago. Did he fall into a KGB trap? Or was he betrayed by U.S. intelligence officials?

Born Nikolai Fedorovich Artamonov, he was a 30-year-old captain in the Soviet navy when he defected to the U.S. in 1959 with his Polish fiancée Ewa. For nine months American agents questioned him about Soviet naval secrets at safe houses in Virginia. Then Artamonov changed his name to Nicholas Shadrin and went to work for the Pentagon as an intelligence analyst. He married Ewa, became a U.S. citizen and settled into the good bourgeois life in McLean, Va. He made no attempt to hide his background as a defector; he testified about it before the House Committee on Un-American Activities in 1960.

In 1966 Shadrin was approached by KGB operatives. At the request of American officials, he signed up as a Soviet agent and began feeding his KGB spymasters FBI-supplied information about U.S. intelligence methods, much of it harmless but true to gain the KGB's confidence, and some of it false and misleading.

On Dec. 20, 1975, while ostensibly on a skiing vacation in Europe with his wife, Shadrin had a prearranged meeting with two KGB officers on the steps of a church in Vienna, then vanished. At Ewa's insistence, the U.S. repeatedly asked the Sovi-



Shadrin on a wild-geese hunt in Maryland

Facts as cold-blooded as a Le Carré plot.

ets for information about Shadrin's fate. Gerald Ford sent an inquiry to Leonid Brezhnev, who replied vaguely that the KGB had not kidnaped Shadrin. U.S. officials told reporters that Shadrin was probably dead or in a Soviet prison. In response to suggestions of U.S. bungling, some officials even suggested that Shadrin had been a Soviet plant, a triple agent, and his disappearance was a clumsy Russian way of bringing him in from the cold.

Now more facts are emerging about the Shadrin case, and they make it seem every bit as complicated and cold-blooded

as a John Le Carré plot. TIME has learned that in 1966 a KGB agent known as Igor was posted as a diplomat to the Soviet embassy in Washington. In an extraordinarily straightforward way, he phoned the home of CIA Director Richard Helms and talked to his then-wife Julia. Igor offered to become a double agent, or, in Le Carré's famous term, a "mole," who would burrow deeply into the Soviet espionage network and pass on secrets to the U.S. Julia turned Igor over to her husband, who in turn passed him on to U.S. counterintelligence operatives.

Igor told the Americans that he could possibly get a higher post within the KGB. He said he would have a better chance of this if he could recruit Shadrin as a Soviet agent. U.S. intelligence officials, though suspicious, decided to help. Thus, even before the KGB got in touch with Shadrin, he had been persuaded by U.S. officials to become a double agent, despite considerable misgivings on his part.

Just why U.S. intelligence officials allowed him to walk into an apparent KGB trap in Vienna nine years later is still a mystery. Ewa, who is now a dentist in McLean, believes, despite official denials, that he was set up and "sacrificed" as part of a larger intelligence operation, presumably involving the mysterious Igor. U.S. officials decline comment, but there is a lingering suspicion in intelligence circles that in going along with Igor's request to help the KGB recruit Shadrin, the U.S. fell for a Soviet plot. Igor could very well have been a triple agent, as some U.S. officials have suspected all along. One American intelligence official speculated wryly that the name Igor could be a play on the Russian word for game.

Wet Landing

Tugboat Captain Glenn McDonald was lost in the dense fog shrouding Florida's Escambia Bay last week when he saw a National Airlines 727 jet make a "perfect landing" in the water 300 yards away. "Oh, my God! Look what's over there!" he yelled, and in moments he and his lone crew member were scooping up 55 survivors. Because of their quick action, only three others drowned. Weather was probably a factor in the misplaced landing; visibility in the Pensacola, Fla., area was close to the required one-mile minimum, and three Eastern Airlines pilots diverted to Mobile, Ala., that evening.

The wreck could replace Spanish galleons as a new trove for treasure hunters: on the flight were some "extremely valuable" pieces of jewelry and mail. At present the area is under guard while authorized divers try to retrieve the booty.



World

ITALY

"Most Barbarous Assassins"

A statesman dies, while his troubled republic survives—and grieves

"Aldo Moro has been pitilessly and horrifyingly slain. The beast who tried to cover the kidnaping with a political and ideological cloak failed to listen to the cry from the whole of mankind that this man be spared. With his death, barbarity seems to want to kill not a man, but thinking and intelligence and liberty. Yet while this death appalls and disturbs, it will never succeed in defeating us. In that way, a tragic error has been committed by these wretched heirs of the most barbarous assassins that mankind has known."

—Giovanni Leone, President of Italy, on television last week

The end seemed almost inevitable, but still it came as a sickening shock. Two months after he had been kidnaped on his way to parliament and his five bodyguards slain, Aldo Moro, 61, president of the Christian Democratic Party and Italy's most eminent statesman, was brutally assassinated, his body left in the back of a stolen car parked in the historic center of Rome. The cruel ordeal was over, but the grief and anger over his murder had only begun.

Pope Paul with Moro's sister at state service



A spontaneous outpouring of sorrow suddenly supplanted the cynicism with which many Italians had come to regard the kidnaping. Flags fell to half-staff. Both chambers of parliament closed to hold memorial sessions. Crowds poured into the piazzas of the cities to vent their anguish and their frustration. Most supportive of the government's refusal to negotiate with the Red Brigades terrorists for Moro's life. Some did not. One small band of protesters marched outside the headquarters of the Christian Democrats, shouting: "It is you who have killed him!"

The next day Moro was buried, following a private funeral attended by only his family and friends, in a cemetery at the village of Torrita Tiberina, 30 miles north of Rome, where the Moros had a country home. On Saturday the government held a televised state funeral in Rome's Cathedral of St. John Lateran to honor the man who had been Italy's Premier five times. While hundreds of Italian leaders, including Communist Party Boss Enrico Berlinguer, and representatives of 100 countries stood in hushed silence, Pope Paul VI devoted a special prayer to his personal friend, Aldo Moro. The Pontiff asked "that our heart may be able to forgive the unjust and moral outrage inflicted on this dearest man."

Across the continent, revulsion over Moro's assassination was mingled with relief that Italy had withstood such a tragic test. But at the same time, it became clear that Italy's long bout with political violence was far from over. Gunmen from the Red Brigades and members of other groups in Italy's crowded arena of militant radical factions shot and wounded seven victims in many days.

The *Brigate Rosse* had kept Italy on a cruel seesaw of suspense since Moro's abduction on March 16. They had spurned pleas for mercy from the Vatican, from the Pope himself ("I beg you on my knees") and from the United Nations as they dangled their victim like a political puppet. The end came when they executed Moro with eleven shots fired from a Czech-made Skorpion 7.65-mm pistol and a still unidentified 9-cal. handgun. Eight shots were centered around his heart. The hatchback Renault in which the body had been placed was left on a narrow, one-block street, Via Michelangelo Caetani, almost equidistant from the nearby headquarters of the Christian Democrats and the Communists. The location was a contemptuous taunt at both of the parties that

Moro, more than anyone else, had worked to bring closer together in a political accommodation aimed at keeping Italy's government functioning.

From the first, there was no doubt that the goal of the Red Brigades' attack against what they called "the heart of the state" was the destruction of that accommodation and the fomenting of chaos that would lead to civil war. Moro was seized on the same day that the governing agreement he had succeeded in obtaining, bringing the Communists into the parliamentary majority, was to be voted on in parliament. In a series of haranguing "communiqués," the kidnapers pointedly indicted their victim as his party's "political godfather" while attacking the Christian Democrats as "antiproletarian criminals" and the Communists as so many "bourgeois revisionists." Their attempt failed; both parties sensed the danger to the political process, and the government refused to bargain for Moro's life.

The murder followed by five days the receipt of the ninth and last communiqué from the kidnapers.

It stated that they were carrying out Moro's death sentence, handed down after a "people's trial," in the face of the government's refusal to negotiate the release of 13 of their colleagues in prison. Shortly after followed a letter of goodbye from Moro to his family. "Dear Nora," Moro wrote to his wife of 33 years, Elena, "soon they will kill me. The friends could have saved me but did not. I kiss you for the last time. Kiss the children for me." In a series of late-night phone calls to party leaders, Mrs. Moro pleaded once more for a change in the party's stand against negotiations, but the government held firm.

Shortly before 1 p.m. last Tuesday, an anonymous man telephoned the Christian Democratic headquarters. "Go to Via Caetani," he said. "A red Renault. You will find another message." Police quickly spotted the maroon Renault 5-L and its grim contents. An autopsy showed Moro had been shot earlier that morning, then dressed in the same navy suit coat he wore when he was kidnaped. There was also a partly healed bullet wound in his buttocks, apparently incurred in the abduction.

At that moment, Christian Democratic leaders were meeting to discuss the Moro situation. When word came, Party Secretary Benigno Zaccagnini stood to



Moro's body bundled in back of stolen Renault left by terrorists on Rome street; flowers placed at site (below) by mourners

make the announcement, tears streaming down his face. Many politicians rushed to the scene. Giorgio Napolitano, a prominent Communist leader, spotted Interior Minister Francesco Cossiga, rushed up and kissed him emotionally. Claudio Pontello, a Christian Democratic deputy, could barely contain his anger: "This is the ultimate mockery that they should return him to us this way right on the doorstep [of party headquarters]!"

Bitterness over the position the party took was painfully bared by Moro's wife and four children. "We ask that there be no public demonstration, no ceremony or speeches, no national mourning or state funeral or medal to his memory," said a statement. "Let history judge the life and death of Aldo Moro." As the private funeral procession moved swiftly out of the capital through torrential rain, few passers-by realized that Moro was making his last journey. But when it halted at a stop light, a truck driver jumped down, ran over and kissed the hearse. Near another crossroads, some 50 people, standing silently under umbrellas, tossed white hydrangea blossoms cut from a nearby bush at the passing cortege. In the 12th century Ro-

manesque Church of St. Thomas the Apostle in the small hill town, Don Agostino Mancini, the parish priest since 1930, conducted the funeral Mass and blessed the casket. "The journey of our brother Aldo ends here," he said. Francesca de Paolis, who used to sell Moro the home-made doughnuts he loved, remarked: "He was modest, and so we have tried to honor him in a humble way with our presence." In keeping with a wish Moro had expressed in one of at least 20 letters he wrote from captivity, there was no one present from the Christian Democratic leadership.

Countless Romans, meanwhile, paid homage at the spot where the body was found. Fixed to a corrugated iron fence was a somber portrait of Moro with the caption: "ALDO MORO HAS BEEN ASSASSINATED. HIS FAITH IN LIBERTY LIVES IN OUR HEARTS. Below were candles and a rapidly growing pile of carnations, roses, lilies and gladioli. One mother watched as her two sons, 8 and 10, each laid a single rose at the memorial. "They must learn something from this," she said. "It's our only hope." A young woman, said to be one of Moro's daughters, left a bouquet of red carnations with a card signed "Anna." It read: "Father, teacher, I thank





Antiterrorist demonstrators rally outside the Colosseum in Rome

you for having educated me with your strong mind..."

Lanky, stooped and with an incongruous shock of white in his dark hair, Moro was the antithesis of the political emotionalism that had branded the Fascist years. Soft-spoken and self-effacing, he was a protégé of Alcide de Gasperi, Italy's first postwar Premier. In political style, he was a conciliator, dedicated to the art of the possible, with a gift for fashioning ambiguous phrases that could be used to cloak disagreement. One of his most famous was "parallel convergences," which he used to describe the center-left formula for the 1963 D.C.-Socialist coalition—even while laughingly noting that "geometrically this is impossible, but politically it is feasible." After the 1976 election, when the Communist Party vote spurted to 34% of the total—close behind the Christian Democrats' 39%—Moro promoted the gradual process of accommodation between the two. When many members of his own party rebelled against the present governing

agreement that formally ushered the Communists into the parliamentary majority for the first time in 31 years, it was Moro who persuaded them to go along.

In the first shock of emotion after Moro's death, former Italian President Giuseppe Saragat lamented that "alongside the body of Moro lies the body of the first Italian republic." That judgment was excessive, but it reflected a common fear that in the wake of the Moro tragedy, Italy might be in for a bout of vengeful political overreaction, skirmishing between the far right and the fringe left, or vigilante justice. "We will all pay for this act, the high and the low," said Pietro Campagna, a Rome accountant.

Already under fire for failing to stop the *brigatisti*, Interior Minister Cossiga resigned the day after Moro's body was found. Many Italian legislators now contend that the need is to implement police reforms rather than draw up new antiterrorist legislation.

Italy's police have not proved very ef-

World

fective against terrorism, largely because the various police organizations, especially the 68,000-man national public security force and the 99,000-man paramilitary carabinieri, lack coordination. In a country that is still uneasy about anything that smacks of authoritarian rule, that division was deliberate as a presumed guarantee against potential coups. Disclosures in recent years of political plotting in Italy's two secret services led to a fundamental reorganization of the intelligence agencies, which some officials charge has in turn handicapped them in the war against terrorism.

The problem of dealing with the threat posed by the Red Brigades is a difficult one. Even though the *brigatisti*'s war against Italian society goes back more than a decade, little is known about the young, shadowy terrorists who operate under the vague revolutionary motto "*Vogliamo tutto e subito* (We want everything and now)." Estimates of their strength range up to 500 hard-core recruits organized into small cells, or "columns."

Founder Renato Curcio, 36, and 150 other *brigatisti* are currently in jail or on trial for numerous crimes—39 murders, 30 kidnappings, ten jail breaks and a variety of subversive activities. But the organization continues to grow, and so does its appetite for mayhem. When Curcio, then a sociology student, formed the group in 1969, its activities were largely limited to rhetoric about the need for "an armed proletariat vanguard" to do battle against "the imperialist state of the multinationals." In the early 1970s, the group moved from vandalism and arson into a new field: kidnappings of plant managers and junior executives, who were usually freed after admitting crimes at "people's trials."

In the mid-1970s, the Red Brigades expanded their enemies list to include politicians, judges, policemen, lawyers, professors and journalists as well as businessmen, and added a new crime: murder. The targets in Italy's long tradition of political violence had almost always been the police, soldiers and statesmen. But for the Red Brigades, notes Rome Historian Rosario Romeo, revolutionary action "is essentially class action. They attack businessmen and professional men as representatives of a class rather than as individuals. Their targets are marked because of their social position, not their political beliefs."

The *brigatisti* apparently have some links to terrorist organizations in other countries, such as West Germany's Red Army Faction and various Palestinian groups. There is even some speculation that they have a Czech connection, although the evidence—like the Czech-made pistol used in Moro's killing—remains tenuous at best. But Italian officials are convinced that there is an important difference between the Red Bri-



Funeral procession after private service in town of Torrita Tiberina on way to cemetery

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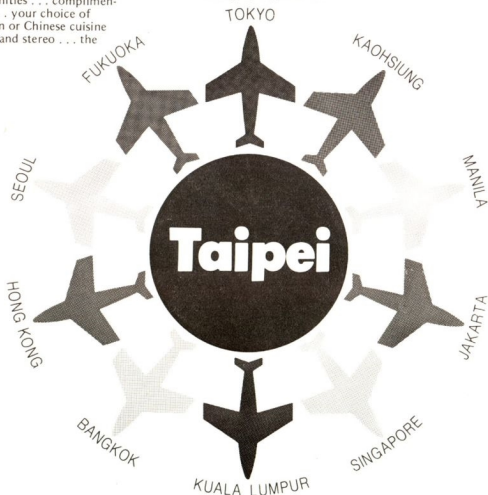
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gades and, say, the West German terrorists who operate in virtual isolation. The Red Brigades enjoy considerable support from left-wing organizations in Italy, which, at a time of lingering 7.4% unemployment (nearly half are people under 30), are attracting many middle- and working-class students and ex-students.

Some indication of the political consequences of the Moro assassination, meanwhile, could come from results of local elections in two provinces and 816 municipalities held over the weekend. Both major parties were expected to hold steady, with the Christian Democrats gaining slightly for their tough stand toward the kidnapers. But there was always the chance of a backlash in the emotional aftermath of the tragedy.

Most experts on modern terrorism agree that the danger in combating it is to fall into a repressive reaction—which is exactly what the terrorists seek to provoke—and thus undermine the democratic values that are under attack. In the 1970s, Uruguay, once the model of democracy in South America, succeeded in wiping out the leftist Tupamaros. The cost was great: the get-tough climate set the stage for the military to seize power and set up a dictatorship. The dilemma of how to cope with terrorism is not lost on any European government these days. Spanish Premier Adolfo Suárez's center-right coalition warned last week that the Moro tragedy was not an isolated phenomenon but indicated "a generalized threat to all democracies and an intent to destabilize on a European scale."

Most European governments have stepped up security for their public officials, enacted new laws, tightened up police forces. A European antiterrorism convention, already ratified by three countries, will provide for international cooperation and ease extradition procedures. But there is a growing realization that new laws alone are not the answer: the social grievances that provide the breeding grounds for terrorists must also be assuaged. Above all, say government officials, it is essential for the state to keep public opinion on its side. Britain, for example, was forced to abandon its policy of internment in Northern Ireland because its violation of basic human rights alienated the population.

That lesson may give the *brigatisti* themselves pause. After hailing the execution of Moro as an act of "revolutionary justice," Renato Curcio, now on trial in Turin for armed insurrection, shouted to those assembled in the crowded courtroom last week: "Perhaps you have not understood what has happened in these days or what will happen in the coming months for Italy!" In fact, everyone understood only too well. In murdering a man dedicated to the principle that people who differ could find common cause, Moro's assassins had neither divided nor conquered but united the nation in a new determination to preserve that vision. ■

A Death in the Family



Eleonora Moro at window of her apartment on Via del Forte Trionfale during vigil

The insistence of Aldo Moro's wife and children on a private funeral was understandable: the more the Christian Democrats refused to bargain for Moro's life, the deeper became Eleonora Moro's bitterness. But the privacy request would have been typical of the Moros under any circumstances. "Their main characteristic," said a family friend, "is a reserve that is almost pathological."

Throughout his 32-year political career and his longer (33 years) marriage, Moro's private life was carefully separated from his work. "In public life, you can consider my husband a bachelor or a widower," Signora Moro once answered a request for an interview. "My children belong to me and not to the party."

The children, three girls and a younger boy, shared the agonizing 54-day vigil with their white-haired 62-year-old mother, the daughter of an M.D. Son Giovanni, 20, a law student at the University of Rome, and the youngest daughter, Agnese, 26, a university student, lived with their parents in a comfortable duplex on Rome's suburban Via del Forte Trionfale. The second daughter, Anna Giordano, 29, a pediatrician reputedly as meditative and complex as her father, came home again to await word. Anna, although seven months pregnant, at one point evaded reporters, walked a quarter of a mile to a bus stop, then rode for three miles to retrieve from a telephone booth Moro's final letter to his family. The oldest daughter, Maria Fida Bonini, 32, a newspaper reporter (against her father's wishes), came often from her apartment near by. The family answered Moro's notes with a published "Caro Papà" letter that said poignantly: "In this tragedy, we have discovered, each one in his way, that you have given us unsuspected resources of moral strength and love."

That was a particular tribute, considering the children's largely matriarchal upbringing. Strong-willed "Noretta" Moro not only kept her household carefully separated from politics, she also handled its finances, paid the bills, made the decisions, even picked the guests—there were not many—invited to dine at Via del Forte Trionfale.

The same forcefulness set the tone of the vigil. Signora Moro turned over the cleaning and cooking on which she prided herself to Emma Amicone, Giovanni's fiancée, and concentrated on working for her husband's freedom. Nearly nightly she telephoned party leaders, demanding that they agree to a negotiated release. When the Red Brigades in a communiqué criticized Moro's political career and personal life, she reacted by furiously smashing a vase of flowers.

At few other times did Mrs. Moro's reserve desert her. On the morning of her husband's kidnapping, she rushed to the ambush spot, knelt by the bodies of his murdered guards and prayed. "They were such good boys," she sobbed, calling each by name. But last week, alongside the wooden table at Rome's Institute of Forensic Medicine on which her husband's body lay, thoughtfully showered with fresh carnations, she was composed. She stood dry-eyed, clutching Agnese's hand, while tears streamed down her daughter's cheeks.

Twenty-five years ago, the Moros built a modest villa in the hill town of Torrita Tiberina, 30 miles north of Rome, and called it *Tre Ochette* (the Three Little Geese), for their children at that point. Moro was named an honorary citizen of the town (pop. 750 winter, 1,400 summer) and hailed for drawing its Communist mayor and Christian Democratic town council minority into a harmonious collaboration that Mayor Corrado Urbani proudly called "our own historic compromise." It was in Torrita Tiberina that Moro was interred in a temporary vault because work had not begun on the family tomb that he and Noretta had planned. They had not expected that it would be needed so soon.

SAUDI ARABIA/COVER STORY

The Desert Superstate

A rich but vulnerable feudal monarchy hurtles into the jet age

Its cities are dominated by the roar of bulldozers and the rattle of jackhammers. The hard hat of the construction worker rivals the checkered *ghutra* as the national headdress. In the bustling commercial and financial port city of Jidda, on the Red Sea, bulldozers tear into the graceful old houses of the Ottoman era with their latticework balconies and harem windows. In the capital city of Riyadh, rows of mud houses topped with crenelated roofs are smashed to dust to make way for super-highways or high-rise buildings of chrome, glass and soaring reinforced concrete. Passenger jets land and depart from some of the Middle East's busiest airports, shattering the silence of the desert.

Last week, as he explained once again why it is in the best interests of the U.S. to sell the Saudis 60 F-15 jet fighters, Secretary of State Cyrus Vance described Saudi Arabia as "a very important country from many, many aspects." With its seemingly limitless oil wealth, it is already an economic superpower. It is the key supplier of energy to the industrialized West and, as bankroller to nearly every other moderate Arab state (as well as two or three immoderate ones), a behind-the-scenes broker in Middle East politics.

For all the wonder and dazzle of its remarkable development projects, Saudi Arabia remains a feudal monarchy. Slavery was not outlawed until 1962. Murderers are still beheaded and adulterers stoned to death under Islamic law. Yet thanks to a gift of Allah—proven reserves of 150 billion bbl. of petroleum bubbling underneath the hot desert sands—this extraordinary nation is hurtling in a blink of history's eye from a medieval past toward the 21st century.

Saudi Arabian planning makes Texan big think seem like small talk. The Saudis are currently spending \$15 billion on the largest desalination program in the world—and seriously pondering a plan for towing icebergs from the Antarctic to provide fresh water for a country that has not a single permanent river. The estimated cost of that: \$80 million per berg. They are putting up \$14 billion for a project that will bring natural gas to the newly planned industrial cities of Yanbo on the Red Sea and Jubail on the Persian Gulf, which are costing \$30 billion to build. In the past three years, the Saudis have built nearly 300,000 housing units—enough for a quarter of the Saudi population. In a land where education a generation ago was essentially in the hands of the *ulema*, a powerful group of conservative Islamic religious leaders, 960,000 young Saudis are now in high schools and colleges.

That fabled ship of the desert, the dromedary, is a rare sight in Saudi cities now, except at camel races; the automobile has become almost as essential to Riyadh as it is to Los Angeles. There is approximately one car for every five Saudis—and this in a nation where only men are permitted to drive. Few Bedouins still live in desert tents: out of the urban areas, many of them have Toyotas, Datsuns or Chevrolets parked among their camels. Remote fishing villages are becoming modern towns. From the rocky hill near the Persian Gulf where the first Saudi oil well was drilled a scant 40 years ago, a visitor can gaze out toward the cities of Dammam, Al Kho-

bar and Dhahran, which are fast merging into one great metropolis that might well accommodate a million people by the year 2000.

With almost stupefying speed, the Saudis are making the desert boom, and their instrument for accomplishing this transformation is oil. Beneath an arid land of 874,000 sq. mi. (of which only 3% is covered by farms and forests) lies almost 25% of the world's known petroleum reserves—the greatest single energy treasure on earth. The Saudis want to diversify their one-source economy, and about 80% of their \$142 billion development program is going into infrastructure—electric power, raw materials, housing, transport, roads. In addition, this acquisitively capitalist nation has created the elements of a welfare state for its citizens, with free education, free medical care and subsidized prices for food, most of which has to be imported.

Despite these expenditures, and despite the dollar's decline, the Saudis nonetheless are making money far faster than they can spend it. As of February, their international monetary reserves amounted to \$28.8 billion—second only to West Germany's (\$41.9 billion) and well ahead of those of Britain (\$21.4 billion) and the U.S. (\$19.6 billion). Their total foreign assets as of Jan. 1 were estimated by monetary experts at somewhere between \$60 billion and \$70 billion and climbing at the rate of \$1 billion per month.

This awesome economic power is managed by ailing King Khalid, 65, who became ruler in 1975 after the assassination of King Faisal, and Crown Prince Fahd, 58, the man who really runs the country today. In the hands of a hostile government, Saudi Arabia would constitute a grave threat to the U.S., its allies and indeed all of Western industrialized society. But under Khalid and Fahd, both militant anti-Communists and enemies of Soviet expansion, Saudi Arabia has reinforced a friendship with the U.S. that has endured for more than four decades. It has exerted a strong influence on other oil-producing nations to hold down price increases. It has also agreed to U.S. requests to expand its oil-producing capacity in order to head off a worldwide energy shortage predicted for the early 1980s, even though some Saudis argue strongly that such a production increase is not in their country's long-term interest.

Only last week Saudi representatives spoke out against a proposed midyear increase in oil prices and reinforced the U.S. dollar by asserting that the oil producers should continue to use the weakening dollar as their medium of exchange.

For all its wealth, Saudi Arabia is a very vulnerable nation. Though it is one-fourth the size of the U.S. and has a 1,560-mile-long coastline, its population is generally estimated at only about 5 million.* Now, for practically the first time in their history, the Saudis have something worth defending. As Saudi govern-



Saudi oil rig at sunset

Thanks to a gift of Allah.

*According to one apocryphal tale, an American population expert went to Saudi Arabia to take a census. He called on King Abdul Aziz al Saud (then Saudi), who told him, "You're wasting your time. There are 7 million people here." With apologies, the American said there could not be more than 3 million. "You're wrong," said the King. "There are at least 6 million." Begging forgiveness for his audacity, the American insisted that surely there were no more than 4 million. At this point the King held out his hand and closed the deal, *ba-zaar-style*, saying, "All right, five and a half."



Spectacular example of the construction boom in Jidda: complex of 32 government-sponsored apartment buildings for middle-income Saudis



Left: Fahd and Khalid. Above: Supertankers loading
For the first time they have something worth defending.

ment officials never tire of saying, their country is virtually unprotected. It is probably true that never has so much been defended by so little.

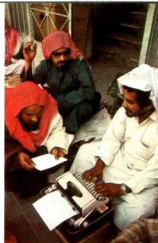
In the current debate over whether the U.S. should sell the Saudis the F-15 (see *NATION*), the Israelis and others have argued that Saudi Arabia does not need so sophisticated a plane for defense purposes, and would be tempted to use it against Israel in the event of another Middle East war. In fact, most U.S. defense experts are convinced Saudi Arabia has very serious defense problems that could be partly alleviated by the sale of the F-15.

The fact is that during the 1973 war, the Saudis moved what planes they had as far as possible away from the fighting. They could not risk losing them. So serious are the Saudis' de-

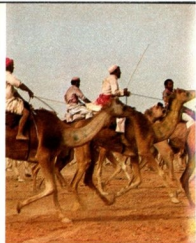
fense problems that the F-15s could hardly buy the country more than a couple of days of breathing time if it were attacked by any enemy. At the very most, the Saudis have only 96,500 men in their armed forces and reserves, including 41,000 national guardsmen, who are not considered front-line troops. Their air force consists of five squadrons of American-made F-5Es and obsolescent British Lightnings of 1950s vintage. Their navy consists of a converted U.S. Coast Guard cutter, three Jaguar-class PT boats and a few other bits of flotsam and jetsam. When they look south, the Saudis are alarmed by the rising Soviet influence across the Red Sea in Ethiopia, where there are now 16,000 Cuban soldiers supporting the leftist regime in Addis Ababa, and about 1,000 Russians. The Marxist regime of South Yemen, which has occasionally made raids across the Saudi border, has an army of 20,000, backed by 500 to



Television studio in Riyadh



Scribe typing letter on the street



The popular sport of camel racing

1,000 Cubans and a small but unknown number of Russian advisers.

Over the next decade, U.S. military strategists believe, the primary threat to Saudi Arabia may come from Iraq, with which the Saudis share 400 miles of a common but ill-defined desert border, enormous oil wealth and little else. Iraq, which is expected to surpass Iran in oil production by the mid-1980s, is a power of the future. But even today, the radical Ba'ath regime in Baghdad has nearly three times the air capability of the Saudis, more than twice as many tanks, armored personnel carriers and helicopters, and five times as many men under arms.

At present, the Saudis cooperate closely with both Egypt's Sadat and the Shah of Iran. Together the Saudis and Iranians, despite a certain amount of mutual distrust, serve as a restraining force to prevent Iraq from absorbing the small, oil-rich Persian Gulf state of Kuwait, as Baghdad would like to do. But the Saudis realize that if either Sadat or the Shah should be displaced by a more radical regime, their own security would be dangerously affected.

With or without the F-15, the Saudis have no illusions about being able to fight off a serious attack from Israel, to say nothing of a combined assault by hostile neighbors with Soviet backing. Thus the very modest Saudi strategy is to be strong enough to hold out for a mere two or three days until international support could be rallied and a powerful friend—say the U.S.—could rush to its aid.

In political terms Saudi Arabia is an astonishing anachronism in an age dominated by the ideals of democracy and socialism. The country has not a single elected official, no parliament, no political parties. Absolute power is vested in the royal family, the House of Saud, a huge clan whose collective

decision making provides stability for the country (see box).

By catapulting their country forward into the most ambitious building program that money can buy, the Saudi rulers also set in motion a kind of social revolution whose long-range effects are not easy to foretell. "We are just about keeping pace with our five-year plan," says Planning Minister Hisham Nazer, "but we still have more money than we can spend." They are building two of the largest and most modern airports in the world for Riyadh and Jidda, to accommodate the armies of migrant workers and businessmen who are coming to seek their fortunes.

The Saudis have bought the best in people too. To make some order out of urban chaos, for example, they brought in Greek City Planner Constantinos Doxiadis. To build up their soccer teams, they hired British Coach Jimmy Hill. To head the new Applied Research Institute at the University of Petroleum and Minerals in Dhahran, they signed William Pickering, who as head of California's Jet Propulsion Laboratory helped put a man on the moon.

With school enrollment expanding rapidly, the Saudis needed a major school lunch program. No problem; they simply began to fly in 200,000 meals daily from Paris. For a while the country's seaports were jammed. But then, according to Nazer, "we threw a little money on the problem and solved it." What they threw was \$6.6 billion for port expansion. The building program created a tremendous

labor shortage; the Saudis solved it by requiring all large foreign contractors to bring their own workers along—and add the cost to the price of the contract.

These migrant workers, who now number almost 1 million, remain outside the mainstream of Saudi life, since most leave when



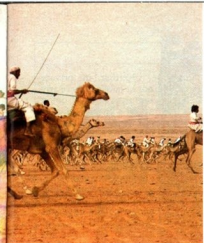
Crown Prince Fahd with son Abdul Aziz, 6



Prince Naif and daughter at home



Prince Saud, Foreign Minister, with family



On the outskirts of Riyadh



Gigantic new \$4.5 billion Jidda airport under construction. Inset: Saudi wide-body airliners

their specific job contracts expire. In Al Knobar, shops cater to the thousands of Korean workers with window signs reading KOREAN SPOKEN HERE. Saudis complain that the Egyptian and Pakistani workers are responsible for the increase in burglary in a country that boasts one of the lowest crime rates in the world (in part, because thieves are punished by having their hands cut off). On occasion, Yemenites have gone on slowdown strikes, while Filipinos, Pakistanis and Koreans have demonstrated to protest poor housing or low wages; some have been deported.

With all this money in the country, corruption is inevitable, despite government efforts to crack down. Even a few of the many royal princes are not immune, although the assistance they provide to five-percenters is quite often innocent. Among Saudi influence peddlers there is a common phrase: "Remember the prince." After closing a deal with a foreign firm, the agent may tell his client, "You must remember the prince. Let's offer him \$300,000." The two will then sit in a hotel lobby until a prince passes through. As the prince waits for the elevator, the agent will hop over to him, pump his hand and whisper, "I have my foreign partner sitting in the lobby." The prince will look across the lobby at the partner, smile politely and go up in the elevator. The agent will tell his client, "It's a deal. The prince will accept the \$300,000." As often as not the agent pockets the money himself.

A much more serious social effect has been created by education and travel among the country's young people. Says a Saudi businessman: "We are in a state of schism, with a wide generation gap separating the traditionalists from the innovators." A young American-educated Saudi says, "In the past, there was so little education in this country that youngsters learned everything they knew by rote, all handed down by word of mouth from their fathers. The environment did not permit us to take a critical view of our culture. But now, with university education, travel, television, the influx of foreigners, we are in a position to appraise our society and to demand changes if we see the need."

There are now 30,870 Saudis in universities, 20,000 of them abroad (and of those, half are in the U.S.). When a young Saudi returns from college in California or Texas, his re-entry is apt to be traumatic. He must doff his T shirt and jeans and don the traditional garments. He will be expected to submit to the tra-

ditional mores of family life, where his every move and thought are examined by his elders, and he must defer to those elders too, whether they deserve it or not. He must give up the company of women except those in his immediate family or the woman he eventually marries. He will not be allowed to go to public movies, nightclubs, discotheques. He will not be allowed to participate in political activity.

Despite these restrictions, the level of restlessness among young Saudis appears to be well below the boiling point. "I hear a lot of complaining," says a Westerner who has lived in Jidda for many years, "but I never hear the word revolution."

One strong indication that the Saudi social fabric remains intact is the fact that, unlike students from many other Middle Eastern countries, practically all Saudis who study abroad return home.

In public, Western-educated Saudis carefully observe the country's rigid mores. In the privacy of their homes, they live much more permissively. They drink openly with friends (Scotch is bootlegged for about \$40 a bottle), and women are inclined to favor Western dress. They watch video cassettes or feature films ordered from a part of Riyadh that is nicknamed "Hollywood" because of its clandestine network of film distributors.

The distributors regularly send out booklets listing movies available at prices ranging from \$20 to \$80—the current rental fee for *Star Wars*.

In this semiprivate world, the wives of the rich can buy Christian Dior gowns at elegant shops in Riyadh and Jidda. At beach houses on weekends, young women whose mothers would not dream of appearing in public without a veil may don swimsuits that violate the spirit if not the letter of Islamic injunctions about female modesty.

While the well-to-do experiment with Western ways behind closed doors, groups of Islamic zealots, known as the Committees for the Commendation of Virtue and the Condemnation of Vice, still patrol the streets outside. At prayer time these committees roam the cities and towns, ordering shops to close. Not long ago, the committees campaigned against young men who had adopted the infidel habit of letting their hair grow long. The drive backfired when a committee caught a tough Bedouin whose tribe had worn



Students at Saudi Arabia's first girls' school, founded by Queen Iffat in Jidda

World

long hair for centuries. The tribesman fought back and was stabbed to death in the fight; the leader of the committee was tried, convicted and beheaded. The committees will publicly flog anyone found drinking alcohol in public. But respect for privacy is so great in Saudi Arabia that not even the most fanatical of these protectors of public virtue would ever dream of breaking into a home.

Within this underground culture, the ranking item on the list of necessary reforms is women's rights. Women are still forbidden to drive cars, travel alone or obtain exit visas unless accompanied by a "legal guardian," a male relative. Polygamy remains a thriving institution. But behind those closed doors, many Saudi women are spoiling for a showdown. "We will fight them," a young woman says of the religious conservatives, "and we will win."

Much of the limited progress that Saudi women have achieved is due to the work of Queen Iflat, the enlightened widow of King Faisal. Through her husband, Queen Iflat persuaded the government in 1960 to open an elementary school and later a secondary school for girls. There was great resistance to the idea, and in the beginning the King had to send police to keep the guardians of public morals from flogging the girls on their way to school.

Today about 250,000 Saudi girls attend public school; there are also 11,000 university coeds, about half of whom are studying abroad. Despite conservative opposition, educated women are gradually moving into public life. They work today as radio and TV announcers, physicians and psychologists (even treating male patients on occasion), and newspaper columnists and teachers.

But the public debate is far from over. Every Friday in the mosques, the imams (preachers) bemoan the immorality of working women. A few months ago, the *ulema* pressured the government into circulating a letter to private companies asking them not to hire women. On the other hand, two Cabinet ministers asserted in a TV interview a few weeks ago that women should be allowed to work in order to ease the country's labor shortage. When a newspaper columnist wrote that male and female students at the local university were mingling in an immoral fashion, the women at the school sued him for circulating false rumors about the immorality of women, a violation of Islamic law. He spent two days in jail.



Neither in private nor in public is there any serious talk about doing away with the monarchy. In the Saudi system, King Khalid reigns, but Crown Prince Fahd rules. Austere, gentle and frail, the King had open-heart surgery in 1972 at Cleveland Clinic Hospital and last year underwent hip surgery at Wellington Hospital in London. He limits his public duties to seeing heads of state, although he is consulted on all important decisions. But the day-to-day running of the country is in the hands of Fahd, a heavy-set man who exudes warmth and good humor. The Crown Prince possesses a diplomatic subtlety that is almost Florentine in its gentility, a talent developed from his many years of dealing with Bedouin tribal chiefs. Though he is urbane and widely traveled, he received a traditional Islamic education. His father, Abdul Aziz, taught him to ride, shoot straight and speak the truth. Like most Saudis he enjoys camel racing and soccer; perhaps his favorite recreation is to go camping in the desert with Prince Salman, the governor of Riyadh, and some of his other brothers.

During King Faisal's reign, Fahd appeared to favor life abroad—particularly in France—to the austere life of Riyadh. He damaged his prestige somewhat in 1974 by spending five months in Europe, even staying there during the holy fasting month of Ramadan. Faisal never scolded him but in public was often heard to ask, "Where is our brother Fahd?" Since Faisal's death in 1975, Fahd has had little time to go anywhere for personal pleasure.

The Crown Prince's style is to nudge the country forward gently on social matters, permitting a measure of progress without unduly offending the Islamic conservatives. He opposes the introduction of Western-style democracy, arguing that free elections would not bring the country's most qualified people—the young Saudis who have been educated abroad—to positions of leadership. "We have invested heavily in educating these young men," Fahd says, "and now we want to collect a dividend on our investment. But if we were to have elections, these young men would not be elected. The winners would be rich businessmen who could buy the votes. Our real talent would not be used."

As Minister of Education in the 1950s, Fahd introduced the country's first extended public school system, and since then he has quietly allowed the expansion of women's education. But he has often told friends that he is against the "Atatürk approach," a reference to the way in which Turkey's Kemal Atatürk outlawed



Saudi officials meeting in Riyadh's King Faisal Convention Center

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World

the veil and traditional dress and tried to impose social reform from the top. Fahd favors the sort of grass-roots evolution that seems to be taking place in his country today.

The same velvet-gloved approach characterizes his conduct of foreign affairs. In the Arab world, the Saudis are resented by some of their Islamic brethren as *nouveau riche* desert barbarians. But Fahd is on speaking terms with almost every leader (one notable exception: Libya's Muammar Gaddafi, who refuses to deal with him). On the theory that Saudi Arabia's first line of defense is diplomatic, he avoids quarrels even with Arab radicals, preferring to build as broad a range of contacts as he can. In the interests of preserving Arab unity, he has mediated

between leftist Algeria and royalist Morocco in the Sahara dispute. He maintains ties with Egypt's Sadat and Syria's Hafez Assad, with the Palestine Liberation Organization's Yasser Arafat and with Lebanese Christian Leader Camille Chamoun. Saudi Arabia has had problems with radical Iraq and Marxist South Yemen, but he keeps in touch with leaders of both states.

This policy sometimes puzzles Westerners and causes Israelis to point to Saudi support of the P.L.O. as evidence of Riyadh's untrustworthiness. "The Saudis donate their money to some of the most fanatical terror groups," charges a high-ranking Israeli general. "They speak in 300 languages and with as many tongues as there are crown princes. There is no one solid

The House of Saud: Solidarity Forever

It is the world's largest royal family. It includes an estimated 5,000 princes, and its female members are, quite literally, uncounted. More than a clan, less than a tribe, the House of Saud has a solidarity that accounts in large measure for Saudi Arabia's political stability today.

The ruling family dates back to the 18th century, when the head of the tiny emirate of Dariyah (near Riyadh), Mohammed ibn Saud, formed an alliance with Mohammed ibn Abdul Wahhab, the fiery leader of a puritanical Islamic movement; his Wahhabi sect still holds sway in Saudi Arabia. This combination of tribal military skill and religious fanaticism did dominate central Arabia for 75 years, until it was crushed by an invading Egyptian army acting at the behest of the Ottoman rulers in Constantinople.

The House of Saud had a powerful revival at the beginning of the 20th century, when its leader was the great Abdul Aziz, generally known as Ibn Saud. With the support of the Wahhabis, he reconquered Riyadh and began to establish the modern kingdom of Saudi Arabia. Abdul Aziz died in 1953, at about age 73, and has been succeeded by his sons Saud (1953-64), Faisal (1964-75) and the present King Khalid.

If Saudi Arabia is underpopulated today, it is not the fault of Abdul Aziz and his descendants. The old lion begat 44 sons and an unknown number of daughters; Saud had 52 sons and 54 daughters. All told, it is estimated that at least 2,000 Saudi princes, including sons, grandsons and great-grandsons, are descended from Abdul Aziz.

The modern House of Saud comprises the descendants of Abdul Aziz and his five brothers. Supreme power is held

by the "Inner Six," a council made up of the heads of the family's six principal branches. Oddly enough, neither King Khalid nor Crown Prince Fahd is a member of the Inner Six; their branch of the family, that of Abdul Aziz, is represented by an older brother, Mohammed, who long ago renounced his claim to the throne.

Family solidarity is all important. Once a council of the House of Saud has made a decision, no prince, however in-

mentally deranged young member of his family, Prince Faisal bin Musa'd, in 1975. Before the King's death, there had been talk that he should be succeeded by the able, energetic Fahd, even though Khalid was Crown Prince. In addition to his proven skills, Fahd was one of the "Sudairi Seven"—seven brothers born to Abdul Aziz by one of his favorite wives. (Among the other powerful Sudairis: Prince Sultan, the present Minister of Defense; Prince Salman, the governor of Riyadh; Prince Naif, Minister of the Interior.)

As of now, Fahd would almost surely succeed Khalid as King. The new Crown Prince would probably be Prince Abdullah, 57, currently Saudi Arabia's Second Deputy Prime Minister, although there are rumors that Fahd's ambitious brother Sultan has been lobbying within family circles for the post. Meanwhile, some promising third-generation royals are beginning to make their mark, most notably the eight sons of the late King Faisal. Among them are Abdullah, a businessman and poet; Saud, the urbane, Princeton-educated Foreign Minister; Khalid, governor of the remote Asir region; and Bandar, a member of the military staff. A rising star among the sons is Turki, 34, who heads the country's intelligence directorate and recently lobbied in Washington for the F-15 sale. His mother, Queen Iflat, often says, with a tap on her forehead, "Turki has it here."

It could be quite a while before any of the younger princes would be considered as a potential heir to the throne. Family custom has been that Kings are chosen from the sons of Abdul Aziz. Since Khalid has at least 28 living younger brothers, the next generation will have to wait its turn for power.



King Abdul Aziz (Ibn Saud) in the 1930s with four of his sons

fluent, dares challenge it. The power of the Inner Six was proved in the late '50s, when Faisal, then Crown Prince, tried to become King on the ground that his profligate brother Saud was bankrupting the country. The council said no, and Faisal obeyed. By 1964 both Saud and the country's finances had deteriorated to the point where the Inner Six was forced to take action. The King was deposed and died in exile in Athens in 1969 after being replaced by Faisal.

The Inner Six also decreed and arranged the peaceful succession that took place after Faisal was assassinated by a



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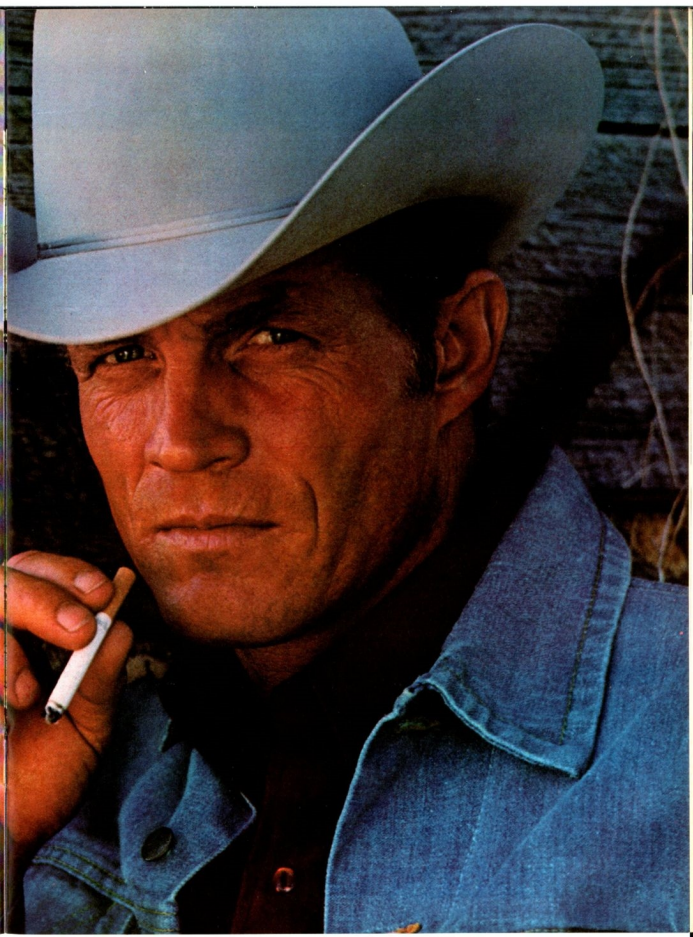
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Mercedes truck factory at Jidda



Saudi and American technicians in the control room of Aramco refinery at Ras Tanura

A stupefying drive for economic expansion that has made the desert boom, and makes Texan big think seem like small talk.

Saudi voice." Fahd's argument is that by supplying Arafat's Fatah with some \$40 million a year in aid, he is strengthening Arafat against George Habash's more radical Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine. Two years ago, Fahd was close to reaching an agreement with Arafat under which Fatah would renounce terrorism in favor of a negotiated peace, a deal that collapsed following Sadat's trip to Jerusalem last November. But Fahd's support for Arafat did not waver. When the Israelis invaded southern Lebanon this spring, the first shipment of arms to reach the P.L.O. guerrillas came from Saudi Arabia.

Without Fahd's help, Anwar Sadat would probably not be in power in Egypt today. When Sadat's regime was shaken by food-price riots in January 1977, the Saudis and their oil-rich friends in the gulf put together a \$4 billion aid package to keep Sadat afloat. Fahd was unhappy about not being adequately consulted by Sadat on his peace initiative and was fearful that it might fail; nonetheless, the Saudis announced that their financial aid to Egypt would continue.

The Saudis make little effort to conceal their anxiety about their future security. Oil Minister Ahmed Zaki Yamani declared recently that he feared "the day may come, toward the end of the 1980s, when the world will see an all-out oil war in which the strong will fight over the wealth of the oil-exporting countries." Fahd never provokes Communist propaganda assaults by attacking the Soviet Union directly, but he is wary of its designs on the Middle East. He has extended aid to Somalia, Djibouti and other countries in the area to offset Soviet influence, and has occasionally made contributions to anti-Communist political institutions in Western Europe. One recipient: Italy's Christian Democratic Party.

From his earliest days in the Saudi government, Fahd has been a close friend of the U.S. Today, he and Sadat are Washington's two most important allies in the Arab world. The Crown Prince is responsible for the Saudi policy of holding the line on oil price rises, reasoning that his country ultimately must look to the U.S. for its security and therefore that anything damaging to the American economy will eventually endanger Saudi Arabia. He is also responsible for the Saudi decision to increase its productive capacity, which was requested by Washington.

With oil production declining in the U.S., the Soviet Union and even in many Middle East states, the one country in which large increases are still feasible is Saudi Arabia. The Saudis' present capacity is 11.9 million barrels per day, though their current production ceiling is 8.5 million per day and actual production last month dropped to 6.6 million per day. Nonetheless, on Fahd's orders, Saudi Arabia is proceeding

with an \$11 billion program aimed at increasing production capacity to 14 million barrels per day by the early 1980s. Saudi Arabia hardly needs the extra revenues. As Planning Minister Nazer said last week, "Production of between 5 million and 7.9 million barrels would produce enough revenue to meet our development needs." But Saudi Arabia is going ahead with the expansion program, primarily as a concession to the U.S. The program, says Oil Minister Yamani, "is not really in our interest. It is only in the interest of the West that we are carrying out this expansion."

That kind of friendship in international politics is not easy to come by. It extends at least back to 1938, when Americans brought in Saudi Arabia's first oil well. Four American oil companies later formed the Arabian-American Oil Company (Aramco), which eventually developed Saudi Arabia into the world's pre-eminent petroleum power. Through negotiations with the parent companies, the Saudi government has gradually acquired 60% of Aramco and will eventually purchase the remainder, but it still has more than 2,600 American employees. Of the \$142 billion that Saudi Arabia will spend during its current five-year plan, nearly half will go to American companies. Riyadh has invested between \$35 billion and \$40 billion in the U.S., which is Saudi Arabia's largest trading partner. One-third of the Saudi government's present Cabinet ministers are American graduates. So many of the country's young technocrats received their training at U.C.L.A., Stanford, Caltech and other nearby institutions that they are known collectively as the California Mafia.

Despite the enduring web of relationships, however, there has never been a formal treaty of any kind between the two nations. Abdul Aziz once railed at Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, who had gone to Riyadh to get the King to sign some kind of agreement: "Why do you always want us to sign something with a lot of fine print? Out here, we consider it enough to shake hands and be friends."

It is in the context of this kind of U.S.-Saudi relationship that the Saudis asked the U.S. to sell them 60 F-15 jet fighters. They have been astounded by the controversy that the deal has caused in the U.S., in part because they believe the sale would be as much to the advantage of the U.S. as it would be to their own. They point out that they would pay in cash for the \$2.4 billion purchase, after all, and that the sale would be contributing to the defense of a strategically placed U.S. ally.

Beyond that, the Saudis feel that they have effectively an-

World

swered most of the Israeli charges regarding possible use of the F-15s. As Prince Fahd told TIME (see NATION), he is willing to pledge that the planes will not be transferred to another Arab state in the event of war. The Saudis have no intention of stationing the planes at Tabuk, just southeast of the Israeli border. Explains Prince Saud, the Foreign Minister: "Israeli warplanes overflew Tabuk 140 times during the past year. We certainly would not put our planes in such a vulnerable position."

The Saudis have emphasized that their present oil policy would not be affected, either way, by U.S. action on the F-15, though Prince Fahd acknowledges that his people expect the U.S. to reciprocate the Saudis' "good feeling and to translate it into action." Oil Minister Yamani is a bit more blunt. "Even if the F-15 sale should be killed, I don't think we

would react immediately," he says. "We would continue our program to expand our production capacity. But we would have far less enthusiasm to cooperate with the U.S. at the same speed as before." He adds, "Anyone who tells you anything else is just being polite."

Perhaps the most compelling argument for selling the planes to the Saudis is the importance to the U.S. of strengthening this special relationship. The U.S.'s self-interest requires that it make every effort to reinforce this economically powerful, strategically vital but militarily vulnerable ally. A strong Saudi Arabia can help to stabilize the entire region—including Israel. For despite the anti-Zionist rhetoric that emanates sporadically from Riyadh, the Saudis are a strong moderating force in the Arab world, and no peace settlement will be possible without their tacit approval. ■

The Majlis: Desert Democracy

Saudi Arabia is a feudal monarchy, but at least one institution of the country gives it the flavor of a desert democracy. That is the majlis (Arabic for a "sitting," although the word can also mean "council," or even "parliament"). According to Arab custom, reinforced by a 1952 decree of King Abdul Aziz, every subject has the right of access to his ruler, whether the ruler is a tribal sheik, a governor or the monarch himself, to present petitions of complaint or pleas for help. Even the poorest Saudi can approach his sovereign to plead a cause; functionaries of the royal court found guilty of improperly turning aside a petitioner face severe punishment.

Every day but Thursday and Friday, the Muslim weekend. King Khalid, Crown Prince Fahd and other leading dignitaries hold informal majlis at which citizens come forward to beg favors or present grievances. Twice a week there are larger, formal majlis at which hundreds may appear. TIME Cairo Bureau Chief Wilton Wynn attended one session at which Prince Fahd presided. His report:

The hour-long *majlis* took place in an audience chamber big enough to accommodate a basketball court. The maroon carpet was wall-to-wall, and armchairs in green or gold upholstery bordered the room. The green walls were decorated with a palm branch motif. From the center of the ceiling hung a large crystal chandelier, and from each corner, a smaller chandelier.

As the petitioners filed in, Fahd stood to receive them. One by one, they greeted him, kissing him on the forehead, on the nose, or the shoulder. They handed their written petitions to an aide

standing beside the Prince; these would be considered later and directed to the appropriate government agency for action. Then the visitors took their seats around the walls. A royal aide wearing a curved sword served bitter cardamom-flavored coffee, while another sword-bearing retainer followed to collect the tiny, round-bottomed cups.

Next came the turn of those who wished to present their petitions orally. Some knelt before Fahd, who was now



Fahd receiving petition at a majlis

seated. Others whispered in his ear, addressing him simply by his first name. The Prince listened to all patiently, occasionally murmuring instructions to his assistants. Among the first petitioners was an aged, crippled, nearly blind man, barefoot and leaning on a cane. He was destitute and was asking for money. Another petitioner had a pregnant wife; he also pleaded for princely largesse. A third needed help to rebuild his house, which had burned down. Another came from a remote district that lacked water and electricity, and he wanted action from the government.

At long last, a palace official asked:

"Are there any more petitions?" There were none, and the *majlis* ended. Later the Prince and his assistants would go over the pleas presented that day. Those that involved legal matters would be referred to the courts; petitioners seeking money would be granted assistance if their plight was deemed worthy.

Fahd's informal *majlis* usually take place after evening prayers. Petitioners are then invited to join the Prince for dinner. In the huge dining room of Maazar Palace in Riyadh, a black-tied maître d'hôtel supervised waiters in white robes who on this occasion served a meal consisting of asparagus soup, fried shrimps with tartar sauce, kebabs with cooked vegetables, a ragout of okra, meat and rice with almonds, chocolate cake, watermelon and fruit. Most of the guests were not from Saudi Arabia's upper class; many appeared to be desert tribesmen. There was no ceremony at the table, and no distinction between rich and poor. A few guests finished quickly and left without so much as glancing at their host. Others stayed to sip coffee with the Prince in the palace corridor. There were, of course, no women present.

"The custom of inviting everyone to the palace table goes back to King Abdul Aziz," said the Prince during dinner. "It's not that the people lack food. Some of them eat better at home than they do here. But they come to discuss their personal problems, and they stay for dinner. Anyone in the kingdom is welcome to this table, no matter what his status. If they were all bankers or army generals, it would be assumed they were invited because of their position. But these are simple people. Anyone, anyone can come here, and that gives them confidence in their government. It is very important psychologically that they know they may look to us for help."

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World

AFRICA

"Our War" in Angola

Another ex-spook tattles on the CIA

Among CIA staffers it was known as IAFEATURE: the letters IA being the agency's designation for the target country, Angola, and FEATURE the code word for a special covert operation. When the IAFEATURE task force was assembled in late summer 1975, on the eve of Angola's independence from Portugal, it was handed a mission nearly impossible: to help two Angolan leaders who would presumably remain friendly to the West when the big, troubled former colony went off on its own. The IAFEATURE directors, who worked out of a "vaulted" (super-secure) office at the CIA's headquarters in Langley, Va., were given an initial \$14 million to achieve this assignment.

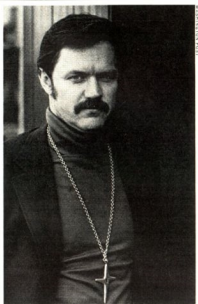
So begins an "inside" tale of how a CIA operation grew—and failed—from one who was intimately involved with it: John Stockwell, 40, an ex-Marine lieutenant who, before he quit the intelligence agency, not only was a CIA agent for twelve years but served as the "case officer" in charge of the Angolan venture. Stockwell's book, *In Search of Enemies*, is a narrative of IAFEATURE's short, six-month history. Like *Decent Interval*, the highly critical account of CIA operations in Viet Nam by ex-Analyst Frank Snepp—who happens to be a friend of Stockwell's—*In Search* was published without CIA permission. It thus becomes the latest entry in what may become a full-blown literary genre: spy-and-tell books by disaffected former intelligence operatives who profess to be turning to their typewriters

much more for principle than for profit.

As Stockwell tells it, the CIA's aim in Angola was modest at first: merely to slow the progress of Agostinho Neto's pro-Moscow Popular Movement for the Liberation of Angola (MPLA), which in mid-1975 already controlled twelve of the country's 15 provinces, and see that it had some competition in the pre-independence elections. The CIA decided to shore up two other guerrilla groups, the National Front for the Liberation of Angola (FNLA) under Holden Roberto and the National Union for the Total Independence of Angola (UNITA) led by Jonas Savimbi. But before long, says Stockwell, the looking-glass warriors at Langley began to view Angola as "our war," and the goal became victory for the pro-Western groups. To that end, Stockwell says, the agency not only got directly involved in the spreading fighting, which soon swept the elections away, but also led about its activities to Congress and to the so-called 40 Committee, the White House-Pentagon-State Department group charged with overseeing U.S. intelligence operations.

As the ambitions for IAFEATURE grew, so did its cost—to a total of \$31.7 million. The money was used mostly for military supplies for UNITA and FNLA, which were channeled through Zaïre. Stockwell had a staff of about 26, plus an additional 83 operatives "in the field." The CIA also recruited a number of mercenaries, called "foreign military advisers" in deference to African sensitivities, to fight with UNITA and FNLA units. But instead of stopping the MPLA, Stockwell maintains, these efforts only spurred the Soviet and Cuban assistance that enabled Neto to win the war.

When IAFEATURE was launched, Stockwell insists, the civil war was so low-key that two C-47 gunships crammed with Gatling guns—Viet Nam's "Puff the Magic Dragon"—could have turned the tide for the moderates. But they would also have exposed the U.S. involvement, so instead it was decided to arm the guerrillas clandestinely. Says Stockwell: "We had tons of weapons shipped in, some of it 'sanitized' stuff (unmarked as to origin), and lots of World War II arms which the agency figured anybody could acquire anywhere in the world." The equipment was flown to Kinshasa, Zaïre's capital, aboard C-141s belonging to the U.S. Air Force (which billed the CIA for \$80,000 for each 25-ton delivery). The supplies were then reshipped to Angolan bases aboard C-130s belonging to Zaïre and South Africa. The guerrillas were so careless with the unfamiliar equipment that the CIA decided to dispatch paramilitary



Former Agent Stockwell

"He's an amoral bureaucrat."

experts—officially described as intelligence gatherers—to help them out.

Before long, says Stockwell, Moscow decided to counter by supplying Neto's MPLA with sophisticated Soviet equipment, including 122-mm rockets and MiG fighters. Cuban troop movements into Angola increased sharply at the same time. To deal with the MiGs, in a "sanitized" way, the CIA traded 50 U.S. Redeye ground-to-air missiles to Israel for 50 captured Soviet missiles, but the Angolans did not use them effectively.

Stockwell argues that the agency should have stayed out of Angola altogether or moved in much more forcefully in the beginning. Eventually, he says, a "dualism" about the operation developed: "The people in the field were going all out. But back home, people gradually got timid." When the agency finally decided to pull out, it sent a final payment of \$1,376,700 in conscience money to Roberto and Savimbi through Kinshasa. The cash, Stockwell claims, was pocketed by Zaïre President Mobutu Sese Seko.

Stockwell was born in Texas but grew up in Africa after his engineer-father took a job in the Belgian Congo (now Zaïre) following World War II. Stockwell says he wrestled with a nagging conscience about his agency work for much of his CIA career, but did not decide to quit until after the Angolan venture.

Knocking unsuccessful operations is always perilously easy (those that work are rarely heard about), and Stockwell's broadside is overdrawn in important respects. For instance, others who are familiar with the Angolan drama maintain it was not U.S. activity that provoked the heavy Soviet-Cuban response but South Africa's early move to send troops to sup-



Former CIA Director Colby

"He's asking too much."

World

port Savimbi. The South African forces moved in so swiftly that they almost captured Angola's capital, Luanda, before independence came. As for the CIA itself, Stockwell ridicules it as a bungling old-boy outfit fraught with favoritism and burdened with middle-grade mediocrities. He calls William Colby, who was CIA director in Stockwell's time, "a disciplined, amoral bureaucrat, who fawned over the politicians and game-players on [Capitol] Hill."

Colby, for his part, is equally blunt about Stockwell's treatment of his former employer: "If he says that suddenly it didn't turn out to be the Boy Scouts, I

think he was asking a little much." Colby concedes that the U.S. shipped arms for Angola. But he denies that Americans were actively involved in the fighting—although "our people" sometimes went into Angola "to check up on what was going on."

While the CIA has filed a civil suit against Sneed, charging that he broke his CIA oath of secrecy in publishing his Viet Nam book, the agency has not yet decided what to do about Stockwell. As for Colby, he will go public with his views of Angola and other matters in a memoir—duly cleared by the agency—that is to be published this week. ■

CHINA

Peeking at the Chinese Card

A timely get-acquainted mission to Peking

The start of another round of border bloodletting between China and the Soviet Union? It seemed ominous—for a while. As Peking told it, one day last week a Soviet helicopter flew across the Ussuri River frontier and 2½ miles into Heilungkiang, China's easternmost province, while boats landed 30 Soviet troops on Chinese soil. There, Peking charged, the Russians "tried to round up Chinese inhabitants, shooting continually and wounding a number of them." Some captives were dragged back to the river and given "kicks and blows" before they were finally let go.

In a sharp protest, the Chinese accused Moscow of taking "a grave, calculated step" aimed at further worsening relations between the two countries and demanded both a Kremlin apology and punishment of the troops involved. "Otherwise," it added, there would be "consequences." Thereupon Moscow expressed "regrets" and claimed that its border guards "had inadvertently" entered China while "pursuing a dangerous armed criminal."

Only a couple of weeks earlier, Soviet negotiators had arrived in Peking to resume the long-suspended border talks that were begun after the violent frontier clashes between the two hostile Communist leviathans in 1969. But China's tough-talking reaction to last week's incident indicated that Peking-Moscow relations remain very chilly at best. That probably portends a warm welcome in Peking for U.S. National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski, who was due in Peking late this week for a three-day get-acquainted visit; after all, he is the Carter Administration's leading advocate of a hard-line approach to the Soviet Union.

While the status of Sino-Soviet relations will not be explicitly raised by Brzezinski during his trip, China's deep fear of the U.S.S.R. has been a crucial element in the development of closer U.S.-Chinese ties. But the very slow pace of normaliz-

ing the links between Washington and Peking has clearly displeased Chinese leaders. One of Brzezinski's main tasks will be to assure China's leaders of the U.S. commitment to closer ties with their country.

Peking would probably prefer complete normalization of Sino-American relations. The main obstacle to this, however, seems to be the Chinese. Their price for full diplomatic ties with Washington is that the U.S. sever its diplomatic and defense links with Taiwan. This the Administration is not likely to consider so long as Peking refuses to pledge that any reunification of Taiwan and the mainland will occur only by peaceful means.

The U.S. backing of Taiwan is not the only complaint Brzezinski will be hearing. The Chinese apparently want more consultation with Washington on matters of mutual strategic concern, such as events in Africa, the Middle East and the Asian subcontinent. Brzezinski may accommodate them by requesting that they use their influence in Africa to mo-



National Security Adviser Brzezinski

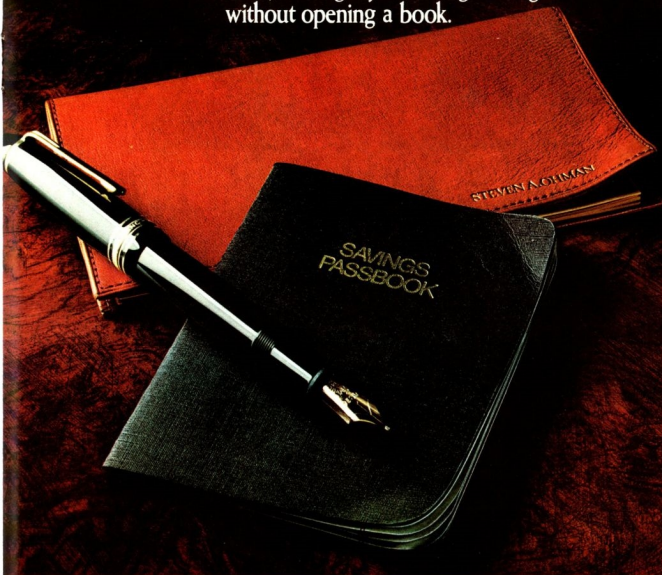
With intriguing timing.

bilize support for the Anglo-American plan on Rhodesia.

What probably concerns Chinese leaders most is their reluctant conclusion that the U.S. has not been taking a hard enough line toward the U.S.S.R. State Department Sinologists believe that Peking regards Washington as having been weak in responding to Soviet gains in Africa; the Chinese surely see events in Afghanistan, where a closet Communist regime seized power last month, as another Soviet success. And this is on China's own western flank. Peking is also thought to feel that Carter has been too eager to accommodate the Russians in the slow-moving SALT talks and to abandon or defer development of modern weapons such as the B-1 bomber and the neutron warhead.

Brzezinski is clearly prepared to discuss all these matters. Accompanying him are top Asia experts from his National Security Council staff and the State Department, plus the NSC's security planning coordinator, Samuel Huntington; its science and technology specialist, Benjamin H.berman; and the Pentagon's Deputy Assistant Secretary for International Security Affairs, Morton Abramowitz. Despite the size of his entourage, which is certain to flatter his hosts, Brzezinski is not expecting concrete results. He told TIME: "This is not a tactical trip. It is designed to emphasize that our relationship with China is continuing and long-term, based on common interests. It's not a negotiating trip per se, although if it serves the goal of normalization, so much the better." By coyzing up to Peking, Brzezinski is also sending a clear signal to the Kremlin: There is a price to be paid for continued Soviet adventurism. ■

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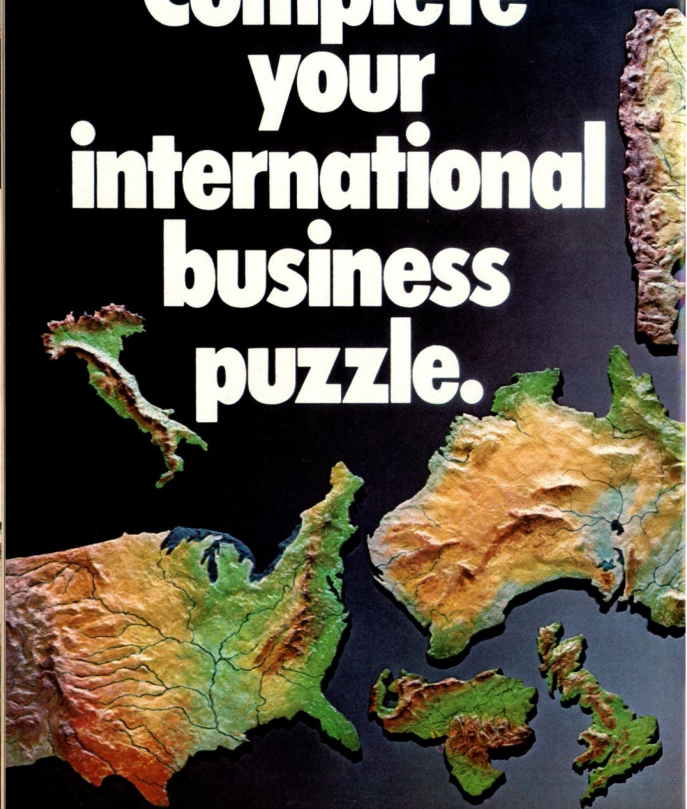
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World

BRITAIN

Ending a Royal Marriage

Margaret and "the Jones boy" call it quits

"Mindful of the church's teaching that marriage is indissoluble, and conscious of my duty to the Commonwealth, I have resolved to put these considerations before any others."

—Princess Margaret, 1955

It was 23 years ago when Queen Elizabeth's sister, Princess Margaret, wound up British royalty's longest romantic melodrama since the days of Edward VIII and Wallis ("the woman I love") Simpson by dropping her hopes of marrying Group Captain Peter Townsend. For all of his qualifications as a royal spouse, the dashing Battle of Britain hero had that fatal divorce in his background. So Britons were doubly cheered when, five years later at 29, the willful Meg finally made it to the altar, this time with Antony Armstrong-Jones, the arty son of a Welsh barrister and a promising photographer. But alas, even among royalty, ideas about divorce and duty can change. In a terse statement that took their country by surprise, Margaret, now 47, and Lord Snowdon, 48, last week announced that their 18-year marriage "should be formally ended."

Margaret's advisers would have preferred to postpone legal proceedings, but Snowdon insisted on acting now, in view of mounting public criticism of the princess's friendship with Rock Singer Roderick Llewellyn, 30, which has titillated and scandalized Britain for four years. The divorce will be the first in Britain's immediate royal family since Henry VIII dissolved his marriage to Anne of Cleves in 1540. Surprisingly, Margaret's divorce has been treated compassionately by the press. A *Daily Express* editorial, headlined COME LET US KISS AND PART, gave Snowdon high marks for "honorable and dignified

conduct" and wished Margaret "every happiness for the future."

Once, the couple's whirlwind courtship and globally televised marriage had moved sentimental Britons to the core. The tabloids fondly called Snowdon "the Jones boy." Their son David, Viscount Linley, was born in 1961, followed by a daughter, Lady Sarah Armstrong-Jones, in 1964. But by 1967 the marriage began to show visible strains. Rumors abounded of Snowdon's dalliance with fashion models. Increasingly, Margaret appeared imperiously scornful of him in front of friends, throwing down too many gins and tonic, while he toiled around with a trendy branch of the Mayfair smart set.

The marriage was dead, friends say, by 1974, when Margaret met Roddy Llewellyn, the pale, slight son of Lieut. Colonel Henry Llewellyn, a champion equestrian. After the two went on a much-publicized trip to the Caribbean island of Mustique in 1976, Margaret and Snowdon legally separated. Braving the ire of her sister, Queen Elizabeth II, Margaret continued to be seen in public with Roddy. When the pair spent their fourth holiday in Mustique last March, the British

press headlined its disapproval while some Members of Parliament ominously asserted that the princess, by neglecting her public duties, was not earning her \$100,000-a-year allowance.

Margaret rode out the shock of the divorce announcement in seclusion in London's King Edward VII Hospital, where she was treated for gastroenteritis and hepatitis. Roddy was in Tangier, accompanied—or so said the tabloids—by an unnamed blonde. Lord Snowdon, who now lives in a Kensington town house, appeared briefly to tell reporters stiffly: "I hope you will give support and encouragement to Princess Margaret when she comes out of the hospital and goes about her duties again." One paper acknowledged his own new personal status by flashing a front-page picture of "the girl Snowdon may marry," Lucy Lindsay-Hogg, 33, a divorcee who worked with Snowdon on a documentary film in Australia two years ago, and has frequently been seen with him in London.

Despite the divorce, Margaret will retain her title, her place (sixth) in line for the throne, her \$100,000 allowance and her rent-free digs in London's Kensington Palace, as well as custody of her two children.

If she wishes to wed again, however, she could have problems, because the Church of England holds that a divorced person cannot remarry in the church while the former partner still lives. In her case, Margaret would have to ask permission of the Queen. Heading off untimely rumors, the royal family quickly let it be known that she has no marriage plans. Certainly, Margaret's remarriage would stir up antimarxist sentiment in Britain. Immediately after the divorce announcement, Labor M.P. John Lee declared that the new development "must make more urgent the need for a review of the scale of royal remuneration for duties performed—and possibly a review of the question of royal titles as well."

Newlyweds Lord Snowdon and Princess Margaret in 1960



Lucy Lindsay-Hogg and Snowdon in Australia



Roddy Llewellyn and Margaret heading for Mustique earlier this year



Behavior

Drinking as a Way of Life

In Japan alcoholism is reaching epidemic proportions

After his customary ten-hour day at the office, a bright, up-and-coming young businessman went to a cocktail party given by his boss. A little nervous, he tossed back so many stiff highballs that he lost count. Feeling no pain, he proceeded to insult his host, lose control of his bladder, pass out on the floor, and was carried home. Was he fired for having disgraced himself so? No. This was Tokyo, not New York. When the young man returned to work the next day, not a word was spo-

ken about the previous evening. In Japanese fashion, his behavior was not held against him; in fact, the unpleasant incident was completely forgotten.



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Drunks tottering in a Tokyo street; a railway guard gives a late reveler a tow

"Instead of analysis, we get rid of our inhibitions with a few drinks."

ken about the previous evening. In Japanese fashion, his behavior was not held against him; in fact, the unpleasant incident was completely forgotten.

Incidents of this sort are commonplace in Japan. Perhaps because the society is so straitlaced and hierarchic, drinking as a social release has become notoriously pervasive, with the result that alcoholism is now approaching epidemic proportions. Time was when Japanese restricted their drinking to Shinto festivals, viewing cherry blossoms or the celebrations of births and marriages. Not so today. A majority of habitual drunks are businessmen. A new survey reveals that in Japan there are more than 3 million alcoholics and problem drinkers—6% of the adult population. This is a fourfold jump since World War II.

Nor are these statistics applicable only to men. The Japanese tend to gloss over the problem of alcoholism among

Japanese women tend to become manic-depressive, which only reinforces their habit.

More disturbing is that 20% of Japanese high school students admit they need a drink several times a week just to keep going on the academic mill. Dr. Hiroaki Kono, Japan's leading expert on alcoholism, warns: "If this catches fire it would be like matches on oil. We are the most permissive people in the world as regards alcohol."

Sales figures are mute testimony to his claim: the quantity of alcoholic beverages consumed has risen from 934 million gal. in 1965 to 1.549 million in 1977—14 gal. per capita. (By contrast U.S. per capita consumption in 1977 was 25 gal. But public drunkenness in the U.S. is generally less tolerated.) Alcohol is more available in Japan than in any of the hard-swilling Western nations. Commonly called *mizu*

shobai, or "water business," it is a \$40 billion enterprise, enhanced by 100,000 conveniently located vending machines dispensing hard liquor, beer and sake 24 hours a day. "In Japan," explains a Tokyo businessman, "alcohol plays the role of psychiatry in the West. Instead of analysis, we get rid of our inhibitions with a few drinks. I think we would explode without it."

Kazuo Shimada, a psychologist, agrees: "If they were forced to go on the wagon, many Japanese would simply go bang." Yet another survey discloses that 63% of all Japanese males gave an unequivocal no to the question: Is your life possible without a few drinks? Thus it is hardly surprising that in 1976 annual corporate spending on entertainment—\$7.6 billion—was 34% higher than the government's defense budget for that year.

A typical evening's entertainment for a Tokyo businessman starts with a lavish dinner accompanied by endless cups of sake served up by kimonoed geishas. Then the host takes his client to a series of the best of the capital's 80,000 bars and nightclubs. There obliging Cardin-clad hostesses keep the cups brimming with *mizuwari* (whisky and water). Around midnight the hostesses help their staggering patrons on with their coats and send them off to start another day of more of the same.

Yoshitaka Hojo, 47, a sales engineer for a leading Tokyo appliance firm, went through such a routine six nights a week for 20 years. He admits he became a hopeless alcoholic. "I soon found myself drinking a bottle and a half of whisky per day." He was hospitalized 14 times, including five stays in a mental institution. Throughout this period, his employers showed extraordinary patience. So did his wife. Says Hojo: "Without their help I would have ended up in Skid Row." Instead, he joined Danshu-Kai, or the All-Nippon Sobriety Association, the Japanese equivalent of Alcoholics Anonymous, which has 50,000 members. He is now dry and proud of Danshu-Kai, founded 15 years ago.

Public health authorities and the medical profession in Japan have been slow, even reluctant to deal with alcoholics. The Japanese government budgeted a paltry \$90,000 for alcohol research last year, while collecting \$3.5 billion in alcohol revenues. In all of Japan, there are only 800 beds reserved for alcoholics and only three clinics specializing in outpatients. Of the 8,000 psychiatric specialists in Japan, fewer than 1% specialize in alcohol and its related problems. Oddly enough, Dr. Katsumi Meguro, director of mental health at the Ministry of Health and Welfare in Tokyo, seems to be unconcerned by this lack of attention. "When compared with the situation in the U.S.," he says, "there is nothing serious about the problem." Considering Japan's soaring statistics, that is perhaps carrying face saving a little too far.

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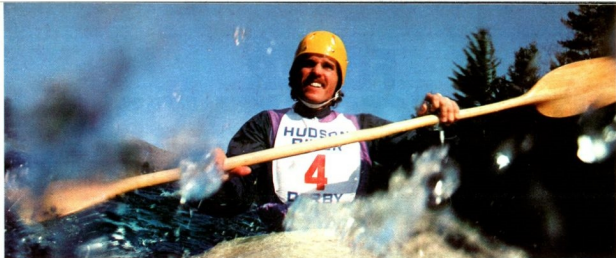
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ST461



Colorado's Tim Clark heads for glory—or a ducking in frigid waters—as he dodges boulders and swirling eddies

Sport

White Water Rites of Spring

To celebrate May, try shooting the Hudson rapids

Let other communities plant their gardens, organize their Little Leagues, crown their beauty queens, North Creek, N.Y., a hamlet 100 miles south of the Canadian border, celebrates the joys of May in its own distinctive fashion—staging a carnival on the nearby Hudson River for people who like to climb into canoes and kayaks and, paddling desperately, race through the rapids near town.

Called the Hudson River White Water Derby, the two-day event, which ended last week, is really a springtime happening that has been occurring with growing success for 21 years in North Creek. Canoeing or kayaking over treacherous courses has developed into a highly skilled and ruthlessly competitive sport—one that is included on the Olympic schedules—but the races at North Creek are refreshingly informal. Many of the contestants are old friends who have been watching each other capsize or ram into rocks for years. They treat the derby as a kind of giant family reunion. This time some 600 racers

turned up: husbands and wives, fathers and sons, teen-agers as young as 14 and a sizable group of over-50s, discreetly known as the "matures." To watch them challenge the Hudson, a crowd of some 15,000 descended on North Creek, an outpost in the Adirondacks that welcomed the attention and the money. There was free camping for all comers, and budget-priced breakfasts cooked by the Boy Scouts, roast-beef dinners served up by the Methodists and snacks sold along the riverbank by the volunteer firemen. "It's the area's biggest economic weekend of the year," said Martin Wicks, whose bar dispensed 1,500 bottles of beer a day.

At North Creek, the Hudson is totally different from the lordly river that passes New York City, 287 miles downstream. The races are run where the Hud-

son is still fresh, clear, wild and lovely, befitting a river that rises from a tarn—28 miles to the north—with the haunting name of Lake Tear of the Clouds. Visitors from Manhattan are always startled to see the locals cup their hands and drink right out of the stream.

In name and style, the derby's races are closely patterned after the more familiar slalom and downhill races in alpine skiing. In the slalom events, the contestants must weave down the river, passing through a series of metal gates. Novices have to pass through 15 gates; the hardy competitors who try the toughest slalom must find a way of getting through 20, which are often devilishly placed in the most treacherous spots in the Hudson. Anyone hitting a gate suffers penalty points; anyone missing one then and there loses just about any chance of winning. The longest slalom race is 1.5 miles. The "downriver" runs for 7½ miles, and is purely a speed and endurance event. The only contestants to get a break are the matures: they can have as much as 10% subtracted from their times.

Although no one has ever been seriously hurt during the derby, people have been drowned practicing beforehand, and the organizers set up an

A pair of canoeists spotting danger



Bracing to swerve through a gate



elaborate safety system of volunteers stationed onshore and in boats downstream to pull out anyone who got into trouble. The contestants had to wear life jackets; helmets were optional. To keep warm in the splash of 38° F. water, many also donned black rubber wet suits similar to those used by scuba divers. To keep track of all the confusion, local ham operators broadcast messages up and down the course.

One after another, a minute apart, the slalom contestants were launched by the starters. The downriver course began just above the railroad station where Teddy Roosevelt happened to be in 1901 when he learned that William McKinley had been assassinated and he was about to become President of the U.S. Spectators clustered around the most hazardous stretches of the river, like the Spruce Mountain rapids, just as auto-racing fans flock to the most dangerous turns.

Right below Gate 16 in the giant slalom, the Hudson foams into a fury of white water. A boulder, an obstacle that was a legend to the contestants, rises 2 ft. out of the river, churning the currents into a whirling eddy. All afternoon the competitors, young and old, hurtled down, striving to swerve their boats around it. The better racers changed directions nimbly; the novices—faces distorted by fear—dug frantically at the water.

A kayak carrying two 20-year-old men swept cleanly through Gate 16 as the pair jabbed their paddles into the water, trying to kill their momentum. Spotting the rock, they managed to go wide, but then their bow strayed and they were trapped in the eddy. Instantly, they pivoted broadside and swamped. On the shore, the crowd came to life, cheering them good-naturedly and whistling. Clinging to the capsized hull, the men were swept past the last four gates and across the finish line.

In all, about 20% of the contestants came to watery grief, but none seemed to mind after they were hauled out and dried off. Soon they were swapping stories about their runs. "The waves are always 20 ft. high and the holes 5 ft. deep," said Tim Clark, 29, an architect and ski instructor at Vail, Colo., who always times his yearly trip back East to coincide with the derby. "We all lie like fishermen."

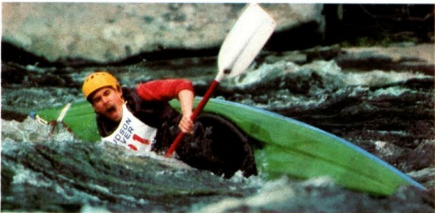
There are those who would like to dress up the derby a bit so that it could be sanctioned by the American Canoe Association, which awards points used in compiling national rankings. But the residents of North Creek are not at all sure they want that. Says Walt Schultz, 65, who has helped run all 21 events: "With the A.C.A., we'd still have to do all the work and they'd just tell us what to do. We don't want to kowtow to the great canoeists. All we want is a fun weekend—strictly amateur. We cater to the everyday Joe who wants to bring his kids here and have a good time." By those criteria, North Creek's derby this year, as always, was a success. Cold and wet, but a success. ■



While the spectators happily expect the worst, the contestants grimly attack the Hudson



Riding the roller-coaster rapids. Below: a racer grabs a deep breath before going under



Drenched and cold, two canoeists start to relax as they cross the finish line



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Religion

Three Irreverent Authors

Their potboilers shed less than heavenly light

Not all religious novels sell like hot cakes, or even warm wafers. Yet three current novels are attracting not only critical attention but also big sales (big enough, in one case, to make a bestseller list). All are written by authors who have departed from the clergy or the Christian faith, whether with fondness or fury. Unlike the dropout novelists who used to probe spiritual angst, these religious refugees concoct unholy plots that scarcely show church and clergy at their best. Witness the story line of each:

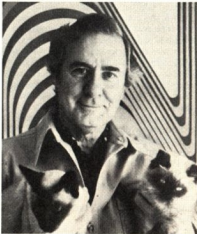
► The Cardinal-Archbishop of New York, who has a good chance to become the first American Pope, decides to commit murder. The victim: an archaeologist

Red than dead?) After Pope Paul dies, they nearly elect their man, but then... If that grabs you, read on in *The Final Conclave* by Malachi Martin (Stein & Day; \$11.95).

All possibly entertaining. But these writers have an irritating way of implying that their novels are more than mere diversions, that in fact they are pointing to the way things were, or are, or will be, and they indulge in all sorts of name-dropping to enhance the illusion of authenticity. Martin is by far the worst offender, since he begins with a nonfiction prelude and claims to report what is actually going on among the Cardinals; incredibly, the *New York Times*'s bestseller

curry lest it be "suppressed." By whom? The publisher didn't say; surely a banning in Boston or a burning in Butte would have hyped the book's sales marvelously, but no such thing happened, alas. With shameless self-promotion, Martin bought display newspaper ads for an open letter warning U.S. Cardinals that their church is in danger of a takeover.

The authors ought to know better of what they write. Canadian Charles Templeton, a ninth-grade dropout who later earned a Princeton Seminary degree, was almost as famous an evangelist as his friend Billy Graham, until he began losing his faith. Since then he has held three of the top news jobs in Canada: managing editor of the Toronto *Star*, news director of one of its two TV networks, and editor in chief of *Maclean's* magazine. Irishman Malachi Martin was a professor at Rome's Pontifical Biblical Institute, and advised Cardinal Bea during the Sec-



Charles Templeton



Malachi Martin



Dotson Rader

Would a Cardinal commit murder? Is the College of Cardinals soft on Communism? Could a top evangelist be a foul-mouthed slob?

who is at work in the basement of the Cardinal's residence examining what he believes to be the bones of Jesus Christ. If the grave news gets out, people might not believe in the Resurrection any longer. So goes *Act of God* by Charles Templeton (Little, Brown; \$8.95).

► The most esteemed evangelist in America is a vicious, foul-mouthed, whisky-swilling slob who carries on a flagrant liaison with a pea-brained wench. He treats his preacher son like dirt and shells out cash here and there to hush up his scandals. That's the protagonist of *Miracle*, a squalid novel by Dotson Rader (Random House; \$8.95).

► At this very moment, a gang of fellow travelers in the Sacred College of Cardinals is laying plans to elect a Pope who is soft on Communism. After the election the new Pontiff will sell out the Western democracies. (Who more appropriate than Cardinals to say better

list carries his book in the nonfiction category, where it ranks tenth this week. Truth to tell (so to speak), *The Final Conclave* is a farrago of fact, speculation, misinformation and fiction. In somewhat the same vein, Rader uses silly, intrusive episodes that feature F.D.R. speaking at a revival, and Aimee Semple McPherson blathering in her boudoir, and dots his hero's career with heavyhanded parallels to the life of Billy Graham.

In some cases the preposterous plots are exceeded by the presumptuous flackery. Templeton's publishers announce that during his promotional tour he will "break the last taboo on national TV." Rader's novel was unveiled at a Manhattan disco with a gospel sing-along starring Norman Mailer, Truman Capote, William F. Buckley and Walter Cronkite. Stein & Day let it be known that *The Final Conclave* was printed under extraordinary se-

ond Vatican Council. But he quit the Jesuits before the council ended and later wrote a book declaring that the church is a grand failure.

These two ex-clergymen profess affection for the church. Not so Dotson Rader, a preacher's kid who says he wrote his hate-filled book about American Evangelicals because they are so filled with hatred. Rader's grandfather Luke and great-uncle Paul were big-time revival preachers. His father, also named Paul, who still conducts meetings around the South, raised Dotson on the road and wanted his son to become a preacher too. It was the novelist's great-uncle who had the distinction of preaching at the very meeting in Los Angeles where the adolescent Richard Nixon stepped forward to make a public commitment to Christ. With backgrounds like these, the lives of all three might make better novels than what they've put on the shelf. ■

Religion

Wrist Tap

A Pallottine's plea bargain

When Pallottine Father Guido Carcich arrived in Baltimore in 1953, he spent his own money on mailings promoting Roman Catholic devotion to St. Jude, the patron of hospitals and hopeless cases. Carcich's letters did not ask for contributions in so many words, but money flowed in anyway. Building on his St. Jude mailing list, the priest later developed massive direct-mail pitches for the Pallottines, whose 2,200 priests and brothers minister in 23 countries. Seventeen years and \$175 million in proceeds later, Carcich, 59, last week pleaded guilty to "fraudulent misappropriation" of funds in Baltimore Criminal Court.

For the past two years, the Pallottine case has rocked the world of charity fund raising. Only a relative pittance of Carcich's proceeds—in one period as little as 2.5%—ever got to the missionaries and starving waifs shown in the brochures. A statement last week, agreed upon by both sides, reports that, among other things, Carcich diverted at least \$102,000 from his 20 secret bank accounts to friends, relatives and fellow Pallottines. Nonetheless, according to the lawyers' memo, the Superior General of the order in Rome says Carcich is "a good man and a good priest." Carcich contends that whatever his sins, he did it all for the church.

Baltimore's Archbishop William Borders, who has suspended Carcich from priestly activities since the case first broke 2½ years ago, is now asking that Carcich and the Pallottines be granted "some of the peace which an admission of guilt and attempt to rectify wrongdoing should bring." Also in a forgiving mood,

Attorney General Francis Burch dropped 60 of the 61 counts against Carcich and got the court last week to sentence him to 18 months of probation, during which he will spend a year in unspecified work among Maryland prisoners without serving time himself.

"Deals like this one give plea bargaining a bad name," fumed the morning *Sun*, which originally broke the scandal. Much of the public seemed to agree. The kid-gloves treatment of Carcich may hurt Burch, who is running for Governor in the Sept. 12 primary. The longer range impact will come in Washington. The Pallottines were not the only agency that used 80% or more of their gifts to cover the exorbitant costs of direct mail. Congress is now considering a new law to force charities to disclose such unhappy facts to potential contributors. ■



Convicted Priest Guido Carcich

A pittance went to the poor.

Play Passions

A decision at Oberammergau

Despite the Nazi Holocaust, the Oberammergau Passion Play, Bavaria's decennial Catholic folk pageant, has gone on using an 1860 text that portrays Jews as Shylocks and Christ killers. Since the Second Vatican Council's denunciation of anti-Semitism, however, a group of townspeople led by Head Woodcarver Hans Schwaighofer has been agitating to dump the lurid script. Last year Schwaighofer's group staged a trial run of a 1750 version that makes Satan the heavy and, like the New Testament, portrays the Jews as divided over Jesus. In February the town council voted to use that version for 1980. Germany's bishops were privately relieved, and the American Jewish Committee rejoiced at a New York City press conference.

Too soon, it turns out. In a bitterly fought election last March, hard-liners wrested control of the town council. This month the council voted 12 to 5 to keep the 1860 text, an action that prompted a Munich paper to bemoan the "ugly German" image it fosters. "We're thinking about changing a few points," said Mayor Ernst Zwink, but that will not satisfy Jews. The text is "beyond redemption," declared Rabbi Marc Tanenbaum of the A.J.C.

Schwaighofer's faction has announced a boycott, which could deprive the play of skilled personnel. Both sides fear a decline in attendance, which totaled 530,000 in 1970. The traditionalists argue that the 1750 version is too highbrow and stylized. Schwaighofer's group, however, is concerned that Jews may organize an international boycott and other protests when the show goes on in 1980. ■

Milestones

MARRIED. Donny Osmond, 20, third youngest of the seven singing Osmonds and TV co-star with sister Marie; and **Debra Glenn**, 19, a Brigham Young University freshman, who met Donny on a double date: in Salt Lake City's Mormon temple.

SEEKING DIVORCE. Princess Margaret of Britain, 47, from Antony Armstrong-Jones, 48, a photographer named as Earl of Snowdon after the wedding; after 18 years of marriage, two children (see *WORLD*).

DIED. Leninga Shevchenko, 48, wife of Soviet Diplomat Arkadi Shevchenko, who last month defected from the U.S.S.R. and resigned his Manhattan post as an Under Secretary-General of the United Nations; of an overdose of pills; in Moscow.

DIED. Aldo Moro, 61, leader of Italy's Christian Democratic Party and the man who was most likely to become the country's

next President; of gunshot wounds inflicted by terrorists (see *WORLD*).

DIED. Sylvia Townsend Warner, 84, English novelist and short-story writer who probed the small conceits of her humdrum characters with a tartly satirical eye; in Maiden Newton, England. Warner met success early when her first novel (*Lolly Willowes*) became a premier selection by the fledgling U.S. Book-of-the-Month Club in 1926, but she showed an enduring talent with her genteel, Victorian prose (*The Museum of Cheats*, *The Flint Anchor*). A longtime contributor to *The New Yorker*, she also won acclaim as a poet (*Time Importuned*), a translator (*Marcel Proust on Art and Literature 1896-1919*) and a biographer (*T.H. White*).

DIED. Raymond Rubicam, 85, enterprising co-founder and former chairman of

Young & Rubicam, the nation's largest ad agency; in Scottsdale, Ariz. Kept waiting nine days in the outer office of a Philadelphia firm where he looked for his first advertising job, Rubicam wrote a scathing letter that launched his career. Always a forceful writer, he ceaselessly sought fresh, strong ad copy when he formed his own agency with John Orr Young. He also introduced to advertising the concept of market research when he hired a then unknown George Gallup to conduct consumer polls.

DIED. Duncan Grant, 93, the last survivor and "court painter" of the celebrated Bloomsbury group of London-based intellectuals, which included Virginia Woolf and John Maynard Keynes; in Aldermaston, England. Greatly in demand as a decorator, Grant also designed for the stage and was a postimpressionist painter of some renown.

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The rich mellow taste of The Christian Brothers Brandy begins in the vineyards around Mount Tivy, our winery in the San Joaquin Valley.

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And, our brandy adds a rich and mellow flavor to coffee, cakes, gravies and soups.

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Cellarmaster
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Mae West, playing a sex goddess, puts a grin on a Jimmy Carter double (Ed Beheler) and receives a flower from husband No. 6 (Timothy Dalton)

Show Business

At 84 Mae West Is Still Mae West

And her new movie, Sextette, is so bad it's good

Opening her mouth so wide that the pink of her gums shows, Mae West taps her teeth with her fingernails. "See that," she says proudly. "All my own. Not a false one there." Then, holding out her arms so that her wrists protrude from her jacket, she adds, "I've never had any face lifts either. You can tell by my hands and wrists. They can't operate on your hands. I've never had anything done, and I look the way I did when I was 22." You can't argue with a lady, and when the lady will be 85 this summer, who would want to? Sixty years ago Mae West looked in the mirror and ordered the clock stopped. So far as she is concerned, it has never dared to start again.

To help maintain the illusion, she lives in a kind of time capsule. Her Hollywood apartment, which she has had since 1932, is still decorated in the style of the '30s, when she was one of the screen's highest-paid performers. A vase of fake white calla lilies stands on a white piano across from a white couch that rests against a mirror set in an off-white wall. Two 32-in.-high nude statues of her stand on the piano, a nude painting of her hangs on the wall, and there are photographs of her everywhere. Hers is an egocentricity so forthright and complete as to be pure, like that of a six-month-old baby, happy in the discovery of her body.

Back in the era when she did the decorating, she was a generation ahead of her time. Writing or adapting her own scripts, she made movies such as *Go West, Young Man* and *I'm No Angel* that were both sexy and funny, and when she laid down her pen, the formula seemed to be lost. *My*

Little Chickadee, released in 1940, was her last major film. Now, two young producers, who had not even heard of Mae West until a few years ago, have sunk \$4 million of inherited money into a film that attempts to prove that Mae is right—that she really does look 22—and that all the mirrors in the world are wrong. The result, *Sextette*, is one of those movies rarely seen these days, a work so bad, so ferally innocent, that it is good, an instant classic to be treasured by connoisseurs of the genre everywhere. It was released in Los Angeles in March but failed to win an audience. Now, says Co-Producer Robert Sullivan, he is looking for a distributor who will promote it nationwide as "a high-camp movie for everyone."

Adapted from West's own script, *Sextette* has her portraying a movie sex goddess, not unlike the Mae of 40 years ago, who has just married her sixth husband. Sullivan and his partner, Daniel Briggs, originally suggested Cesar Romero, 71, for the part of No. 6. But Mae said he was too old, and she auditioned 1,000 of the handsomest unknowns in Hollywood. She was the one, after all, who spotted young Cary Grant and helped to make him a star in *She Done Him Wrong*. None of the 1,000 satisfied her, however, and she started looking at the men in newer movies. When she came to the 1971 remake of *Wuthering Heights*, she took one look at Heathcliff, a British actor named Timothy Dalton, and yelled "Him!" The fact that Dalton was half a century younger than she was of no consequence.

If you accept the premise that a handsome man in his early thirties would be

panting to go to bed with an 84-year-old woman, the movie proceeds logically enough. Before the happy pair can crawl between the satin sheets, they encounter (in no particular order) Tony Curtis, Ringo Starr, George Hamilton, Dom DeLuise, George Raft, Alice Cooper, Walter Pidgeon, Mr. Universe, Mr. U.S.A., Mr. America, Mr. California, Mr. Pennsylvania, and a man (Ed Beheler) who looks so much like Jimmy Carter that even Miss Lillian might set him down for a bowl of grits.

The bridal couple also stumble across some unforgettable double entendres from Mae's old pictures: "When I'm good, I'm very good, but when I'm bad, I'm better," and the immortal "Is that a gun in your pocket, or are you just glad to see me?" There are some new ones too. When her husband turns out to be a British spy, bigger, someone says, than 007, she sighs, "I never got a chance to take his measurements."

In a story on the making of the *Sextette*, a Los Angeles magazine suggested that Briggs and Sullivan had done her wrong. But the truth is that in *Sextette* Mae got just what she wanted. At one point the script called for her to cry. She refused, explaining that "Stars don't cry," and the scene was rewritten.

There is, in fact, none of the pathos of the aging star about Mae, none of the desperate anxiety of the character played by Gloria Swanson in *Sunset Boulevard*. Dressed in a white pants suit, her lips painted a bright, girlish peach, she is jolli-ty itself. The famous laugh, which percolates leisurely to the throat, is young and vital still. Mae West is her own best invention, and no one believes in it or enjoys it more than she herself. "All I look for is harmony," she says. "If I argue, I get nasty, so I don't have anyone around who ar-

Show Business

gues with me. I also don't smoke and I don't drink. I think drinking puts spots on your hands. I always drink bottled water. Water with minerals in it clogs your arteries. And I want to keep my insides clean."

She takes care of her insides, but the harmony is provided by Paul Novak, the man she has lived with since 1954. A native of Baltimore and a former muscleman in her Las Vegas act, Novak, who claims to be 45 but looks closer to 55, is friend, amanuensis, and bodyguard. Though two of the three huge diamond rings Mae sports are false, one is real, weighing in at 22 carats, and Novak never escorts her without a protective. 38. He seems totally devoted to her and nods agreement at whatever she says. "I never argue with her," he notes, "because she is always right."

Like many people her age, Mae has a perfect memory for the distant past, but yesterday she can scarcely recall. Asked what she is working on now, she turns blankly to Novak, who tells her that she is working on a film version of her 1927 play, *The Drag*.

Her errant memory caused a few problems during the shooting of *Sextette*, and when Mae couldn't remember her lines, the schedule began to slip. Director Ken Hughes (*Cromwell*) finally found the solution, and a small radio receiver was placed over her left ear, where it was conveniently hidden by her enormous wig. Hughes would broadcast the lines to her, and she would repeat them word for word. Spiteful gossips are spreading a story that Mae's radio once picked up the signals from a police helicopter and that, still on cue, she began reporting traffic conditions on the Hollywood Freeway. Not true, declares Dom DeLuise indignantly. What is true, he says, is that she once repeated Hughes' directions to the cameraman. "But in all fairness," he adds, "she laughed more than anyone else when she realized what she had done."

Now she is back in her old routine. She gets up at noon and goes to bed between 1 and 3 a.m. Occasionally she and Novak go out to dinner, and her chauffeur frequently drives them out to her ten-acre ranch in the San Fernando Valley, where her sister Beverly lives and where Mae exercises by walking on an old, half-mile horse track. When she is at home, she faithfully pedals on a stationary bicycle in the kitchen and lifts weights. Along with all the other bric-a-brac in the living room are two 10-lb. dumbbells. "Mae West" engraved on either end.

Can she really lift them? Again Novak answers. "Flex your muscles, dear," he commands. Mae lifts her arm, and shows a biceps that many men a third her age might envy. "I've been doing that," she says matter-of-factly, "since I was ten." And, such is her belief in herself, perdurable and everlasting, she will probably still be doing it when she is 110.

—Gerald Clarke



Pat and Shirley Boone framed by their four daughters: Debbie, Cherry, Lindy and Laury

Let the Stellar Seller Beware

The FTC means to hold endorsers liable for false pitches

If advertising had existed two millennia ago, Caesar would surely have endorsed chariots, Cleopatra barges and Cicero throat lozenges. It does exist today, and it offers about as easy money as celebrities can make, whether they be Catherine Deneuve purring for a perfume, James Garner clicking away for a camera company, or Joe Namath and Joe DiMaggio rustling something up in the kitchen. The right match of personality and product must pay off, since advertisers regularly provide the stars fees of \$100,000 for a brief pitch and \$1 million contracts for long-run identification are not unknown.

But as of last week, there are some new rules: in a bold decision, the Federal Trade Commission announced that henceforth it will try to hold celebrities personally liable for any false claims made in the ads that they grace—and make them pay out of their own pockets part of any legal penalties that might be assessed.

The FTC's first target was, of all people, that exemplar of wholesomeness Pat Boone. With Daughter Debbie he appeared on TV to claim that all four of his daughters had found a preparation named Acne-Statina a "real help" in keeping their skins clear. The FTC has filed a complaint against the manufacturer, Karr Preventative Medical Products, Inc., of Beverly Hills, contending that the product does not really keep skin free of blemishes. Last week it got Boone to sign a consent order in which he promised not only to stop appearing in the ads but to pay about 2.5% of any money that the FTC or the courts might eventually order Karr to refund to consumers. Boone said through a lawyer that his daughters actually did use Acne-

Statina, and that he was "dismayed to learn that the product's efficacy had not been scientifically established as he believed."

Though it admitted that the order does not constitute a legally binding precedent, the FTC clearly is out to establish a general rule. Commenting on the order against Boone, the director of the FTC's Bureau of Consumer Protection warned of "some basic obligations which other celebrities would be well advised to follow in the future" if they want to avoid the same kind of trouble. A celebrity, said the FTC, must verify the claims made in any commercial before it appears, hiring reliable independent analysts to study them if the star has no expertise in the subject. Following those rules might be easy enough for Farrah Fawcett-Majors; any independent analyst would confirm that she looks ravishing wearing Fabergé cosmetics. But can O.J. Simpson really be sure that Hertz makes rental cars available as quickly as he says in those airports he hurdles through?

The ruling undoubtedly will make stars more wary about what products they tell an adoring public to buy. Says Los Angeles Agent Marty Ingels, who has lined up endorsements for many: "The deals that are pending are suspended; and the ones I've done, the celebrities are screaming. Where does a ruling like this stop? Is Morris the cat going to be leaned on?" Manhattan Adman Lloyd Kolmer predicts heavy haggling over those endorsements that are signed. Stars will demand that manufacturers indemnify them against product-liability suits—the equivalent of malpractice insurance. Unglamorous, maybe, but better than forking over part of that fat fee to misled admirers. ■

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Law

Corona Retrial

A 25-murder verdict is reversed

Before Labor Contractor Juan Corona was convicted in 1973 for one of the greatest mass murders in memory—hacking and bludgeoning to death 25 itinerant farm workers around the sun-baked orchards of Yuba City, Calif.—his lawyer tried a stunning tactic. Defense Attorney Richard Hawk, 45, offered hardly any defense at all. Though he questioned a few of the 116 witnesses summoned by the prosecution, he called none himself and his summation lasted a bare seven minutes. In spite of that, the jury's first vote was 7 to 5 for acquittal, and it took



Former Defense Attorney Richard Hawk
A stunning tactic that didn't work.

a total of 16 ballots and 46 hours to find the Mexican-born Corona, now 44, guilty on all 25 murder counts.

Last week, nearly 5½ years after that verdict, a California court of appeal reversed the conviction and ordered a new trial. The court seemed to have little doubt about Corona's guilt. It noted an "elaborately woven web of circumstantial evidence connecting appellant to the crimes and unerringly pointing to his participation in their commission." Even so, said the three-judge panel, the fact remains that Corona had a history of mental illness; yet his lawyer "failed to raise the obvious alternative defenses of mental incompetence and/or diminished capacity and/or legal insanity." Why? Because, said Hawk, discussing Corona's mental state would have provided an explanation for the murders and thereby helped the state to prove its case.

What seemed to upset the appellate court most, however, was the fact that Corona, unable to pay the heavy legal fees for a case of such magnitude, granted

Hawk exclusive literary and dramatic property rights to his life story in return for the lawyer's services. Even before the trial began, Hawk had hired a professional writer and negotiated a contract with Macmillan for a book about the case. This created a conflict of interest, said the court, that resulted in "an outrageous abrogation" of Corona's rights and "rendered the trial a farce and mockery."

No date has been set for a new trial. When it is, Juan Corona, who remains in Soledad prison, will be represented by a new legal team.

Parents Beware

Your child may want to sue you

Ever alert for new fields to plow, negligence lawyers have slapped malpractice suits on doctors, hospitals, even fellow lawyers. But they have long left virtually untitled what could, theoretically, prove the most fertile field of all—malpractice suits by children against their own parents. Now one Tom Hansen, 24, of Boulder, Colo., is bringing what may be called a "serpent's tooth suit" against his mother and father.

Institutionalized twice for mental care since he was 17, Hansen is demanding \$250,000 in compensatory damages and \$100,000 in punitive damages because, he claims, his parents neglected his needs for "food, clothing, shelter and psychological support." He also alleges that his parents, both scientists employed at Boulder's National Center for Atmospheric Research, not only tried "to channel me in the direction they wanted me to go" but also "spent nothing for what I wanted, nothing on music or art."

Courts have long limited the right of children to sue their parents because such suits would sow discord in the family. But nearly a score of states, including California, Illinois and New York, have chipped away at the "intrafamily tort immunity" rule, largely to allow children to sue parents in auto accident cases. A child who has reached majority may sue his parents for a wrong that may have occurred during his minority, and in such cases the statute of limitations does not start to run until majority is reached. Suits on such vague grounds as Hansen's, however, are unusual: his lawyer describes the case as "a suit for the malpractice of parenting."

So how are parents to keep the kids from dragging them into court on similarly vague grounds? Henry Foster, professor emeritus at New York University Law School, offers cold comfort to mothers and fathers: "It used to be that the King, parent, hospital and so forth could do no wrong. This is changing."

"How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child." —King Lear

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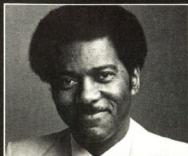
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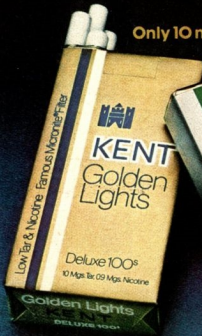


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Education

When in Doubt, "Stop Out"

More and more students are hitting the road instead of the books

Harvard's daily, the *Crimson*, publishes a news digest titled "The Real World." Traditionally, that was a place undergraduates had to wait many years to see firsthand. But now more and more students, finding that it is a long way from kindergarten to graduate school, are "stopping out," as educators put it. At Stanford, almost a quarter of all students take at least one leave of absence. The

Other leave-takers sound similar hard-knocks themes, which may help explain the high number of students who eventually return: over 90% at most colleges.

After World War II, when thousands of undergraduates were studying under Government grants, universities did not encourage stopping out. In the '60s, another deterrent to would-be leave-takers arose: the draft. But in the less urgent '70s, many administrators have come to promote a year off. "Even those who do work they would never want to do again—venting pretzels, for example—find a year or two off to be a positive experience," notes Princeton Assistant Dean Richard G. Williams. Adds Yale Dean of Undergraduate Studies Martin Griffin: "Students come back with at least marginally clearer focus and a clear head." Often it is the students themselves who hesitate, concerned about parental opposition, the difficulty of obtaining a decent job, and the tuition increases they will face upon return. Says Williams: "Students spend more time worrying about whether to leave or not than about what they will do if they leave."

Few who stop out regret the decision, and most feel that the experience helps clarify their career aims. "The year away was very much worth it," says Johns Hopkins Junior Sue Matesic, 22, who worked with a Bible study group. "Now I am sure of what I want to do." She returned to school persuaded that she could best put her religious beliefs into practice in a career in politics. Princeton Junior Steven Hayishi, 20, took a job as a hospital orderly for ten months; he came back convinced that medicine was his vocation.

So did fellow Pre-Med Steven Shafer, 24, who dropped out after the first week of his junior year, hitched a trailer to his car and headed for California. Two years later he was back in school, still eager to pursue medicine but also possessing some valuable souvenirs of his stop-out period, including a pilot's license, a fair knowledge of American literature, and the ownership of a computer software firm that grossed \$300,000 last year.

Stanford's Patt, whose stop out included a stint as a partner in a management agency for recording artists, also claims to have acquired a business education on his own. Touring with Blues Singer Sunnyland Slim, he recalls, taught him about "money, Cadillacs, how to handle myself." When he came back to college, it was with a pragmatic sense of how to go about the career he had chosen: film production. Says Patt: "I learned in the

street that if you want something, you've got to go for it."

During the era of political turmoil on campus a decade ago, stopping out was often a gesture of defiance. Now it is just as likely to indicate ambition. Oliver Miller, 24, a Yale senior who will be leaving for Oxford this fall as a Rhodes scholar, took off for two years in 1975 and wound up in Atlanta, where he became one of two aides on the issues staff of the fledgling Jimmy Carter presidential campaign. "It was an incredible education," he recalls, "the kind I don't think you could ever get from a textbook." Paul Albritton, 21, a Yale junior who spent last year



Johns Hopkins Junior Sue Matesic
Find peace of mind.

stop-out rate at Swarthmore College in Pennsylvania has ranged between 43% and 56% in recent years. Says Dr. Robert Dunham, vice president for undergraduate studies at Penn State, where leave-taking is up a third since 1971: "Stopping out is more prevalent now. Students are a lot more relaxed."

For many of those who stop out, the year (or years) off can prove more arduous than college itself. Stanford Senior Doug Patt, a campus graybeard at 28, has twice interrupted his college career to "see how life is out there in the streets." What he saw, in such jobs as that of supervisor at an Alaska salmon cannery, persuaded him to return for his degree last fall, almost a decade after he entered college. Rice University Senior Charles Lansell, another 28-year-old, who is graduating this spring, spent three years as a clerk at the First City National Bank of Houston. Among his discoveries: he could never be content with his \$9,600 clerk's salary.



Stanford Senior Doug Patt
Get your hands dirty.

working in Latin America for a Houston-based public health organization, echoes Miller. "You go for so many years in a classroom with theoretical models being placed in front of you," he complains. "Getting out and working, getting your hands dirty, gives you a much better idea of what you are studying."

Undergraduates who hesitate to stop out for fear of seeming too nonconformist might contemplate the example of their professors, who generally take a sabbatical every seven years; Bennington College, which has for four decades required its students to leave campus each winter and work for a term; or former Haverford President John R. Coleman, who once left his office and hired himself out for two months as a dishwasher, garbage collector, and in other un scholarly trades. Even more assuring is the case of Stanford Grad Margaret Doerr. She enrolled in the class of 1931 and finally graduated last August, a sprightly coed aged 66. ■

Economy & Business

Now a Surge, Then a Slowdown

TIME's Board of Economists sees more jobs, higher prices, tighter money



The nation's economy is rebounding spectacularly from the ferocious winter that clobbered business early this year. With new jobs being created at a hectic pace, and production, consumer sales and capital spending all quickening, business should move ahead fast through the spring and summer. But it will begin to falter in the autumn and probably remain sluggish for much of 1979. The extent of the slowdown will depend on many factors, notably Jimmy Carter's success—or failure—in fighting inflation. That is the forecast of TIME's Board of Economists, which met last week.

"There is no question," says Alan Greenspan, who was President Ford's chief economic adviser, "that the economy is in a surge. Industrial production for April probably was up a full percentage point." Greenspan predicts a real increase in G.N.P. of 8% to 10% at an annual rate in the second quarter, and a still strong 5% in the third. Nobody on the board seriously disagrees.

For Otto Eckstein, chief of Data Resources Inc., the surest sign of strength is "the employment explosion." Surprisingly, employment is growing much faster

than production; new jobs are opening up at a rate of 4 million a year. Productivity has declined sharply, so perhaps more people are needed to do the work. But Eckstein points to one big reason for the jump in jobs: "Businessmen see a lot of demand out there, and they hired many people because they know that business will be good this year."

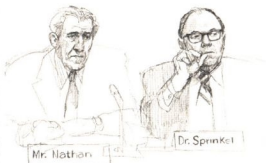
Yet today's surge will help to cause tomorrow's slowdown. Because companies are demanding more credit, interest rates will continue to rise. So will mortgage rates, leading later this year to a slowdown in housing construction. Consumers are building up such heavy debts that they will have to start paying them back in several months. In response to the fall-off in consumer spending, business spending for new plant and equipment will also slacken a bit.

For the four quarters of 1979, Greenspan forecasts G.N.P. growth rates ranging from 3.3% to 3.9%, and he adds, "We will get into a recession late in 1980." Chicago Banker Beryl Sprinkel reckons that a short and shallow recession will hit much earlier, lasting through the second and third quarters of 1979.

All board members expect inflation to remain high, perhaps dangerously so. Greenspan calculates that the consumer price index for April, lifted by food prices, matched March's jump of 10% at an annual

rate. In the second half, however, he expects "marked slowing" in retail food prices to bring inflation down to about 6%, resulting in a rise in prices of 6.5% for the year as a whole. Sprinkel makes a grimmer projection: inflation will top 7% in every quarter of 1978 and hit 7.6% in December. Says he: "We have thrown away all the gains against inflation we made in the recession and are off on another binge." He puts most of the blame on the Federal Reserve's easygoing and often erratic money supply policies. Sprinkel believes that the Fed eventually will do better under its new chairman, G. William Miller, who has stressed that he will tighten supply to fight inflation. Last week the Fed raised its discount rate for lending to member banks from 6½% to 7%.

By and large, Republican board members—Greenspan, Sprinkel and Washington University's Murray Weidenbaum—figure that unless the Government can



reduce the growth of spending and the budget deficit, Carter's latest anti-inflation campaign, aimed at jawboning down prices and wages, will fail. Indeed, Weidenbaum argues that the Administration's drive is making businessmen fearful of sterner price guidelines ahead. So they are motivated to raise now "rather than be caught with their prices down."

Democrats on the board believe that the prime cause of inflation is the psychology that grips business and labor. Thus they argue that the President's efforts to induce "voluntary" restraint are worthwhile. Says Robert Nathan, a Washington economic consultant: "The most important thing in holding down inflation is to get business and labor's cooperation on prices and wages." Every-body agrees that winning labor support is remote, especially after George Meany last week thumbed his nose at Carter's im-



portuning for restraint. Arthur Okun, a senior fellow at the Brookings Institution, notes that the rate of wage increases has jumped more than a full point in a year, to 8.3%. He contends that the Administration must set an example—such as holding firm on wage increases for federal employees—that will stiffen the spines of business chiefs to resist inflationary wage demands.

Inflation also has been aggravated by the deterioration of productivity, which has been rising at a weak average annual rate of 1.2% in the past five years. Government can help revive it by unpeeling excessive regulations. Weidenbaum points to a Brookings report showing that one-quarter of the potential productivity gains have been lost in recent years to

just two kinds of regulations: environmental and job-safety.

The huge U.S. trade deficits additionally are kicking up prices by depressing the dollar and making imports costlier. How to reduce that deficit? Cracked Ekstein: "We might do it if we could find a way to close the port of Yokohama for a few months." More to the point, Yale Professor Robert Triffin sees little chance of narrowing the trade gap until "the Administration and Congress make some significant sign that they are doing something about the basic problem of energy." Greenspan agrees, though he believes that the dollar's value will stabilize or rise on world markets because it is now far below the level that the worst fears of U.S. inflation would justify.

In sum, the economy in midspring is

much more robust than the experts had anticipated it would be, but the old devil of inflation is tougher than ever. The economy may well be approaching a stage where new inflationary bottlenecks will appear. Shortages of skilled labor are cropping up; the amount of overtime is running close to that of 1973, when plants were operating at close to full effective capacity. Considering that, most members of the board favored a reduction in Carter's proposed \$25 billion tax cut. Noted Okun: "What looked to me like a reasonable fiscal policy in December, and indeed a month ago, looks too stimulative today." The same thought dawned on the Administration when it agreed at week's end with congressional leaders to trim the cut to \$20 billion and roll it back from Oct. 1 to next New Year's Day. ■

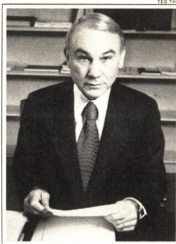
Just Plain Bill

Bill Miller has a noxious problem. The Federal Reserve chairman is a non-smoker in a crowd of the heaviest puff-puffs north of Winston-Salem. Treasury Secretary Mike Blumenthal is constantly chewing on Jamaican cigars. Treasury Under Secretary Anthony Solomon is inseparable from his pipe. Council of Economic Advisers Chairman Charles Schultz chain-smokes cigarettes. When near them, Miller is in tolerant agony. But at the nation's central bank, Miller is very much in charge. Around the Federal Reserve's board room, which long was redolent with the fumes from Arthur Burns' briar, new black signs proclaim THANK YOU FOR NOT SMOKING DURING MEETINGS OF THE BOARD, and ashtrays have been removed.

Miller has moved into Washington with much command, and in some two months he has brought to the board a new flexibility and crispness. Says one staffer: "We can't keep up with him. He's an electric mosquito." The former Textron Inc. chairman roams the Fed's cold marble halls at a slow jogger's pace, thrusting out his hand to someone he does not know and saying, "Hi, I'm Bill Miller." He signs memos "Bill," calls almost everyone at the Federal Reserve by his first name, and works in shirtsleeves.

Board meetings, which under Burns started an academic quarter-hour late and dragged on like the flu, now begin promptly when Miller's digital watch shows the scheduled hour, then move quickly from issue to issue. One meeting lasted a record-short ten minutes. In 30 minutes two weeks ago, the board confronted and resolved four items of bank regulation. At another meeting, members agreed to permit transfers of money from savings to checking accounts, an issue that had been hanging around for two years. The vote was 6 to 0—but only after Miller, a clever compromiser, crafted some changes that broke a 3-to-3 tie.

The chairman's activism was clearly seen in the board's decisions to allow the federal funds rate to rise twice in little more than a week, as well as to lift the discount rate to 7% last week. Interest rates will climb as a result, making Miller a handy target for White House staffers and politicians. Stuart Eizenstat, President Carter's chief domestic affairs adviser, complained that the Reserve's moves



"Electric mosquito" G. William Miller

Putting more bite in money policy.

on interest rates "aren't ones we have asked for and aren't ones we have applauded." Wisconsin Democrat William Proxmire, the Senate Banking Committee chairman, who cast the sole negative vote against Miller's nomination, grouched that the federal funds advance was wrong because "the economy is not at a point where restraint is appropriate." Investors have shown no such concern. The born-again stock market, say some Wall Streeters, is the "Miller market."

Miller favors slightly tighter money and a bit less economic growth to wrestle down inflation. But he told TIME Washington Correspondent George Taber: "If curbing inflation is left to monetary policy alone, then we have very serious dilemmas. My priority has been to call attention to a coordinated effort by Congress, the Administration and the Federal Reserve." That is why he was the first major policymaker to urge a delay in Jimmy Carter's proposed \$25 billion tax cut, a position vindicated

when the President agreed to make the cut smaller and later.

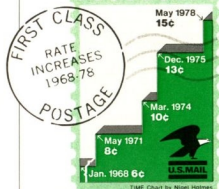
Miller foresees no disabling problems with the White House. "We're working in harmony," he says. "But we're independent, and we will take our actions. We won't always agree 100%, but the ability to communicate will result in a common front against inflation."

The prudent actions on money have so far earned high marks from bankers and businessmen. He is widely regarded as one of Carter's best appointments in an Administration that has more than its share of second-raters. But a shadow of sorts hangs over even Bill Miller. While he was Textron's boss, its Bell helicopter division paid off foreign officials and influence peddlers to boost sales. Miller insisted during his confirmation hearing, and again last week, that the payments were made by lower managers without his knowledge. The Securities and Exchange Commission is investigating, and Miller stands to be absolved.

In the meantime, he presses ahead on what is surely the toughest chore of his career: using the Federal Reserve to slow the economy gradually without dipping it into recession. As Oklahoma-born Miller, who is part Indian, puts it, "We want to go through this narrow pass to the wide open space on the other side without an arrow touching us."

More Postal Inflation

Amid red ink, a big whammo that will hurt everyone



Neither rain nor snow nor complaints about slow delivery nor public worry about inflation can keep the Postal Service from completing its next appointed round of rate increases. By the end of May, the service will raise mailing costs enough to push some businesses into lifting their prices more and sooner than they otherwise would have done. For all classes of mail, the rise voted last week by the Postal Rate Commission averages 25.5%. First-class postage goes from 13c to 15c (vs. 6c as recently as 1971). The cost of second-class mail for magazines and newspapers will jump 29.6%. The minimum rate for mailing a 2-lb. package parcel post will leap more than 49%, to \$1.15.

This will immediately push up the costs to magazine and newspaper publishers, mail-order houses and direct-mail advertisers, as well as to utilities, department stores, credit-card issuers and other businesses that mail bills by the billions. Says Robert Lenz, assistant comptroller of New York Telephone Co.: "The impact is very direct on us because we mail about 6.2 million bills a month. Roughly each cent of postal increase will cost us some \$800,000 a year. That's a big whammo."

As a result of the new rates, more companies will deliver letters to the Postal Service in bundles presorted by Zip code, for which they now earn a penny-a-piece discount; that discount will double under the new rate schedule. Security Pacific Bank, for example, will shortly mail all customer statements not from its 530 branches in California but from its Los Angeles headquarters, using automated equipment. Some businesses may turn more to private mail-delivery services: the *Wall Street Journal*, *Reader's Digest* and *Time Inc.* already use carriers to hand-deliver some papers and magazines.

Yet many businesses will have to raise prices or reduce mailings. Says an official of Sears, Roebuck: "This is just one measure of inflation that is going to hurt ev-

eryone." *Esquire* magazine had planned to mail circulation promotions to as many as 5 million potential subscribers; now it may solicit fewer. Says Financial Vice President Louis Isidora: "It costs us as much to mail as to print the stuff. We have a fixed number of dollars to work with. If postage goes up, something has to go down." Publishers fear that rises in second-class mailing rates will force some magazines to stop printing.

Users of the mail might be less disturbed if they could believe that the postal boost would improve service or reduce the postal deficit. Neither seems likely. Since it was set up in 1970 as a Government-owned corporation that was supposed to earn its own way, the Postal Service has raised rates 150% and cut back service. For example, it now delivers mail to most businesses once a day rather than twice. But it still lost three-quarters of a cent on every piece of mail handled in fiscal 1977, vs. about half a cent in 1974. One reason is that, while almost every other index of the economy has been ris-

ing smartly in the past few years, the volume of mail has been stagnant. Last year the Postal Service handled 92 billion pieces of mail, barely more than the 90 billion in 1974; per capita deliveries actually declined a trifle, from 429 pieces to 427. Continual rate increases probably have discouraged greater use of the mails. The Postal Service will go even further into the red if it gives a huge wage boost to 550,000 employees whose union contracts expire on July 20.

Is there any way to break out of the cycle of rate increases, leading to fewer mailings and then to more rate increases? The House last month passed, by 384 to 11, a bill that would repeal the \$920 million ceiling on Government contributions to the service out of tax revenues; it would authorize Congress to appropriate any amount that the Postmaster General could demonstrate was needed for public-service functions. Supporters of the bill argue persuasively that the Postal Service cannot operate strictly as a business but that it must provide services that have no hope of paying their own way. Just two examples: maintaining post offices in tiny towns, and charging the same rate to mail a letter from midtown Manhattan across the street or across the continent. ■

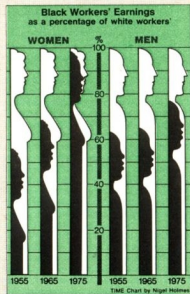
Catching Up

In his 1966 Ph.D. dissertation, Economist Finis R. Welch predicted that the pay of black workers would steadily fall further behind that of whites because the blacks would be trapped in dead-end jobs. But as a U.C.L.A. professor, he suspected that social change had outmoded his pessimism, and he joined with James P. Smith, a Rand Corp. economist in a new study of census data. Last week they released their conclusions: between 1955 and 1975, black male workers increased their pay from 63.5% to 76.9% of the white average—and for women the black-white gap just about disappeared. In 1955 black female workers earned only 57% as much as white women; by 1975 they were up to 98.6%.

The big reason is that blacks today have the education to fill higher-paid jobs. The average black male worker in 1970 had only 1.2 fewer years of schooling than the average white, and the gap is probably smaller now. Affirmative-action programs have opened many new jobs to women—especially blacks—and the industrialization of the South has been another powerful force. Half of all Southern black women who had jobs in 1960 worked as domestics. By 1970 the figure was down to 25%, and for black women age 21 to 25, a mere 5%.

The U.S. is still a long way from job

equality. Black unemployment—11.8% in April—remains more than double the white rate. And at the pace disclosed by the study, it will take 30 to 40 more years to wipe out the differential between the pay of white and black men. Welch grants that there is no reason to be satisfied, but he adds: "A helluva lot has happened."



Boeing Wins an Asian Bonanza

Champagne and new 747s on Singapore Airlines

During gloomy days earlier this decade, planemakers kept their spirits up with thoughts of the boom to come when airlines finally had enough cash to replace their aging, noisy and fuel-inefficient fleets. At last, this dream seems to be becoming reality. Last month Pan Am signed a \$500 million contract with Lockheed for twelve wide-bodied TriStar L-101s, and last week small, state-owned Singapore Airlines (SIA) stole Pan Am's headlines. It placed with Boeing the richest order in commercial aviation history: \$900 million for 13 jumbo 747s and six medium-range 727s. Gleefully grabbing the record claimed weeks earlier by Lockheed executives, Boeing insisted: "This is the 'order of the century.'"

The record will not stand unchallenged for long: Boeing could break it later this year if it receives orders from American or United Airlines for its new generations of 767 and 777 jets, which are now on the drawing boards. What seemed surprising was that a deal of last week's size came from a state-controlled carrier whose home country is smaller than New York City, with a population (2.3 million) smaller than Colorado's. Yet Singapore Airlines is based astride key crossroads of Asian air travel, and last year it carried 2.5 million passengers on highly profitable routes serving 30 cities in 25 countries; flights to San Francisco and Honolulu begin next year. Earnings for the fiscal year just ended are estimated to be \$25 million on revenues that have risen more than eightfold since 1969, to some \$490 million.

SIA gets a lift from its high level of repeat travelers. British travel agents voted SIA "airline of the year" in 1977, and a survey of 500 agents in the Asian-Pacific region placed it first in the area. The line does not belong to the International Air Transport Association cartel, so it can give all sorts of free extras to passengers. In both first class and economy, they get free champagne and drinks even before take-off; gifts like pens or complete leather toilet sets are distributed on every flight to first-class passengers. SIA is spending \$30 million to build what it calls the world's largest flight kitchen. Meals are served by stewardesses dressed in Paris-designed *wardes kebayas*, the Singapore national dress. The company sends the stewardesses to finishing school, gives them professional training in grooming and pays their dental bills for regular teeth cleanings—but absolutely forbids them to accept dates with passengers. Cabin crews are larger than on most carriers, and best of all, SIA offers tired passengers a chance to sleep in either almost fully reclining "snoozer seats" or (first class only) pull-out bunks.



Boeing Chairman T.A. Wilson and Pillay
The order of the century—for how long?

The line now operates a largely Boeing-made 27-plane fleet, and it is buying primarily to standardize equipment and get new fuel-efficient Pratt & Whitney engines. "The devil you know is better than the one you don't," says SIA Chairman Joseph Pillay, who is 44 but looks much younger.

A quarter of the \$900 million will come from the sale of older and thirstier 707s, 737s and 747s, and SIA will wind up with a fleet of no more than 32 jets. A further quarter will be provided by internal cash flow generated by its policy of using speedy six-year plane depreciation (vs. about 15 years for most U.S. airlines). The rest, or about \$450 million, will be financed externally. Says Pillay: "We shall approach the Export-Import Bank for about \$360 million and get the rest from commercial U.S., European and Asian banks." If any part of the deal goes wrong, Pillay figures that he could get a loan from a "Middle Eastern country."

No doubt the U.S.'s Eximbank will make loans to SIA, and that may cause a touch of embarrassment for both Boeing and United Technologies, the parent of Pratt & Whitney. Only last month executives of both companies blasted Eastern Air Lines' \$778 million purchase of 19 European-made A300 Airbus, charging that the deals had been "unfairly subsidized" by the German, French and Spanish governments. Boeing never had strong grounds for complaint anyway—it accounts for more than half of all commercial plane sales in the non-Communist world. To keep up with traffic growth and meet noise and pollution standards, the airlines are generally expected to buy up to 1,500 planes worth \$80 billion between now and 1990, and that is enough business for all the builders. ■

Tax Squeeze Overseas

A costly bill is dulling the U.S.'s competitive edge

Paying income taxes is a headache at best, but not knowing how much you owe calls for a double gulp of Excedrin. For the second year in a row, 150,000 Americans working abroad face that situation as a result of a 1976 tax code amendment that would sharply increase their taxes. The amendment would add much to the costs of firms doing business abroad and hurt the nation's trade balance by making it harder to sell U.S. goods and services in foreign countries. Businessmen have protested so persuasively that Congress delayed enactment of the amendment for one year and has been dallying over the matter ever since.

The U.S. is the only major industrial nation that taxes its citizens who work abroad. They also have to pay taxes to the host countries, and many of these have steeper rates than does the U.S. To alleviate this double burden, the U.S. tax code has long provided two moderate loopholes. First, overseas taxpayers could exempt up to \$25,000 annually from U.S. taxes. Second, they could claim a credit for any foreign income taxes paid. The amendment would chop the exemption to no more than \$15,000 a year and limit the credits for foreign taxes. It would also tax the excess at the rate that would have applied if the \$15,000 were not exempt—in other words, force the taxpayer into a higher tax bracket.

The impact would vary from country to country; but overall the amendment would push the tax bills for Americans overseas at least as high as for Stateside



Protester Worcester with symbolic teabag
Two Britons for the price of one Yank.

Economy & Business

employees, and in many cases far higher. Rich, high-technology firms that need to keep only a few executives overseas can pick up the increased taxes for their employees. Doing so would of course increase an employee's income and raise his taxes still more the following year. But if U.S. firms in labor-intensive operations attempt to compensate their overseas Americans for the extra tax load, their payroll costs could rise so much that they would become uncompetitive.

Those costs are already climbing frighteningly. As the slumping dollar makes it increasingly difficult for even well-paid American workers to support Stateside living standards overseas, companies have had to offer many fringes (housing, cost-of-living and education allowances) to induce top people to take foreign postings. Compared with New York City, costs of living are 21% higher in Paris, 34% more in Bonn, 41% in Geneva and 56% in Tokyo.

The squeeze is particularly severe for American construction and engineering firms in the Middle East, where living costs are exorbitant. Some are replacing American managers and construction workers with recruits from Europe, Canada and Japan. Explains an Aramco official in Saudi Arabia: "Under the new law you can get two Britons for what one American would cost." Businessmen worry that U.S. exports will suffer because non-American supervisors will tend to order equipment from their own countries, where they know what is available, instead of from the U.S.

Since the amendment was passed, Britain's large American community of about 120,000 civilian, government and military employees and their families has declined by 20,000. One London group of U.S. executives, Tax Equity for Americans Abroad (TEAA), has launched a spirited campaign to mail tea bags to Wisconsin Senator William Proxmire, the bill's main backer, after he chastised "jet-setting" Americans abroad and their "mink-swathed" wives. The planners intended this symbolic Washington tea party to be a protest against an unfair tax policy. Complains Robert Worcester, co-chairman of the group: "An awful lot of people have gone back already, and the indecision by Congress is causing a great deal of anguish. People don't know what to do."

The House last autumn voted to extend the suspension of the amendment for another year. Last week the Senate did the same, but called for changes that would raise taxes above 1976 levels. The whole issue now must be taken up by a House-Senate conference committee, and a decision is needed quickly. Overseas taxpayers are automatically granted a two-month extension of the nation's mid-April filing deadline, and with four weeks left they still do not know how much to pay. ■



Fan blows air through engine of Gremlin being tested for defective antipollution device

AMC's Almost Total Recall

For want of a foolproof \$20 part, a \$3 million expense

The modern automobile engine is continually punished by extremes of heat, cold and vibration. Engineers consider such stresses in their designs, but sometimes they miscalculate. Just such a mistake appeared to be behind the Environmental Protection Agency's order last week that American Motors Corp. recall 270,000 of its 1976 cars—all the autos it made that year except those for California, which have special pollution gear—plus 40,000 of its 1975 and 1976 Jeeps and mail trucks. The fault lay in a \$20 pollution control system part, made for AMC by Cleveland's Eaton Corp., that earlier had passed EPA tests. After several months on the road, a brazed joint in the back-pressure sensor has been breaking and causing AMC's engines to emit 50% more oxides of nitrogen than the law allows.

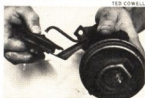
EPA investigators were not surprised that AMC had a problem. In January the agency had recalled 640,000 Ford-made vehicles that used the same Eaton part. "It's quite disturbing," said George Brown, AMC's chief of vehicle safety and emissions. "But we have a positive attitude around here. We go out and fix things and try to see that they don't happen again."

AMC was thus thrust down recall road, a path now traveled by all of Detroit's automakers at one time or another. It is a slightly less expensive journey than it used to be: car owners may be notified by first-class mail instead of the registered letters that Government agencies required in the past. But in postage alone, AMC will spend close to \$40,000. Other costs could push the total bill to \$3 million, a real burden for long troubled AMC, which earned only \$2.7 million—peanuts for an auto manufacturer—in the last quarter.

AMC now has until June 24—that is, 45 days from the date of the recall order

—to work out a plan for repairing or replacing the faulty part and reimbursing dealers for doing the work. Once notified, owners make an appointment and drive into any AMC dealer, who is obligated to make the fix free. AMC intends to have the dealers put in a stronger joint, and Brown estimates that the procedure should take 30 minutes to an hour.

Anywhere from 40% to 85% of AMC's owners have responded to past recalls; Ford's and GM's rates run from 70% to 85%. Generally, the newer the car, the higher the response rate, because new owners want



Broken joint of 1976 Pacer

to feel that they are getting everything they paid for. Also, the response to safety defects is usually higher than that to emission problems. Owners often believe that pollution control system failures will somehow improve gas mileage and engine performance, though Brown asserts that that would not be the case with the Eaton part. "As far as we can tell," says he, "it has no noticeable effect on engine performance."

Since 1972, twelve million cars have been recalled for emission system failures, and many more for safety flaws. The National Highway Traffic Safety Administration last year ordered recalls of 12.8 million cars for safety defects—10.7 million of them U.S.-made and 2.1 million foreign. Brown detects "more vigilance" on the part of the EPA to enforce antipollution standards. Agency officials deny overzealousness, claiming that they are merely working under a program that has matured and is finally up to speed. Says Deputy Administrator Barbara Blum: "Recall is not a pleasant word. But as long as polluting cars continue threatening public health, recall is a word EPA will continue to utter and act upon." ■

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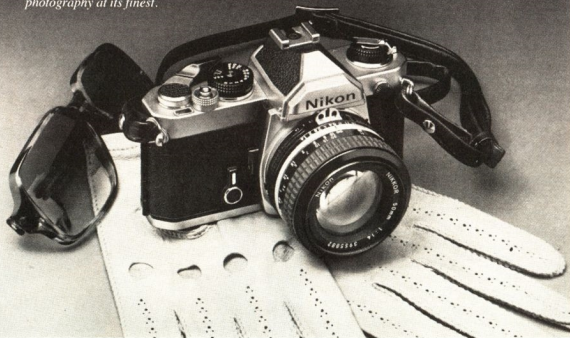
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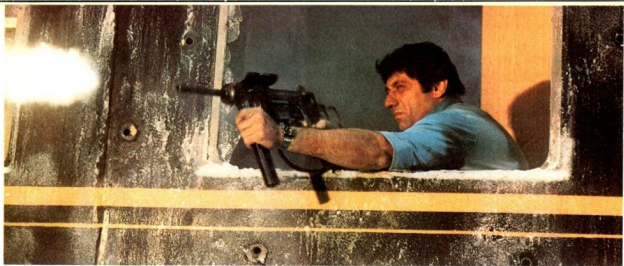
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NIKON FM





Shooting from the hip and aiming high, Broadway Joe Namath is trying for a career as a movie star in *Avalanche Express*

People

After warming the bench for the Los Angeles Rams, **Joe Namath** is ready for action. And he gets it on a train speeding through the Alps in the movie *Avalanche Express*. Broadway Joe and **Lee Marvin** have guns, will travel as U.S. agents delivering a KGB defector (**Robert Shaw**) to the West. Along the way they are pursued hotly by **Maximilian Schell** and a band of Russians, who ambush their train and cause, yes, an avalanche to come down on their heads. "I'm about sixth or seventh place in the cast," says Namath. But soon he will get to be No. 1, as the star of his own television series, NBC's *Waverly Wonders*. Namath's role: a high school basketball coach struggling with a chronically losing team.

"Ole Wayne L..." as they call former Representative **Wayne Hays** in Ohio, just won't stay down on his farm. Having resigned from Congress in 1976 because of a scandal over his secretary, **Elizabeth Ray**, Hays is now running for the Ohio house of representatives. Is it a comedown to be aiming for Columbus instead of Washington? Not at all, says Hays, drawing a grand historical analogy: "Look at John Quincy Adams—he was defeated for his second term as President and then proceeded to serve in the House of Representatives until the day he died."

They asked the Georgetown neighbors if he had a drinking problem. They in-

quired up the street about his sexual habits. The subject of the investigation: veteran Statesman **W. Averell Harriman**, 86, who represented the U.S. at Yalta and led the American delegation at the Viet Nam peace talks. The snoopers: State Department agents performing a "routine" security check because Harriman has been nominated to be a member of the U.S. delegation to the U.N. special session on disarmament later this month. Said he diplomatically: "I have utterly no objection. It's part of the rules and perfectly appropriate for anyone who has been out of Government service for more than a year." Those questioned, however, found that odd. "What are you supposed to say?" asked Columnist **Art Buchwald**, a family friend. "Ah, yes, I believe he knew Stalin well?"

Bangles and chains, a head scarf, a few phrases of Romy and presto, **Shelley Winters** is an ample gypsy queen in *King of the Gypsies*. Based on **Peter Maas'** saga about gypsy life in America today, the film describes the stormy succession to the throne of King Zharko (**Sterling Hayden**). During the shooting of a scene at Manhattan's Plaza Hotel, Winters decided to see how authentic she looked. Sauntering over to diners in the Palm Court, she offered to tell their fortunes and was swiftly chased out by the management. Later came revenge. Winters watered the palms with whisky.



Winters as a gypsy queen

On the Record

Lieut. General James Doolittle, who led the U.S. air strike against Tokyo in 1942: "Our society has gone to the team effort. It is very difficult today for an individual to stand out the way it was possible in the simpler world of yesterday."

David Scott, Apollo 15 astronaut, on the blast-off: "You just sat there thinking that this piece of hardware had 400,000 components, all of them built by the lowest bidder."

Mo Udall, U.S. Congressman from Arizona, suggesting that the Post Office should handle inflation: "They wouldn't solve it, but they'd certainly slow it down."



On the campaign trail again, Hays poses with a nonvoting friend

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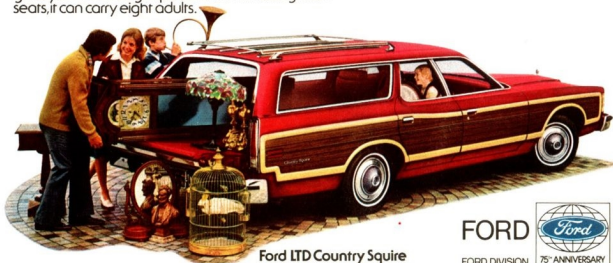
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Medicine

Abe's Malady

Was it Marfan's syndrome?

To Dr. Harold Schwartz, the signs left little doubt. The seven-year-old boy visiting his Huntington Park, Calif., office in 1959 had Marfan's syndrome, a genetic disorder of the connective tissue that can cause heart and eye problems, affect skeletal growth and occasionally be fatal. A few months later, the boy's grandmother dropped in to inquire about his condition and revealed that her husband had died of Marfan's. The grandmother's married name was Lincoln.

Says Schwartz: "I call that my 'burning bush' moment. I had read Carl Sandburg's biography of Abraham Lincoln, which contains a great deal about Lincoln's physical characteristics." Suddenly everything connected. The Great Emancipator, Schwartz realized, was probably afflicted by Marfan's syndrome.

Since then, Schwartz, now 60, has traced the Lincoln Marfan gene back to 16th century England and now is more certain than ever about his theory. In the *Western Journal of Medicine*, he strongly suggests that had John Wilkes Booth not fired the fatal shot on April 14, 1865, Lincoln would have died within a year from complications of Marfan's syndrome—for which there is still no cure.

Schwartz points to the well-documented fact that Lincoln had disproportionately long arms, legs, hands and feet, even for a man of his height. While watching a regiment of Maine lumbermen during the Civil War, the President himself noted: "I don't believe that there is a man in that regiment with longer arms than mine." In 1907 a sculptor working with Lincoln casts observed that "the first phalanx of the middle finger is nearly half an inch longer than that of an ordinary hand." The President sometimes squinted with his left eye. All of these characteristics, according to Schwartz, are typical of Marfan's syndrome. In fact, Lincoln's "spider-like legs," a phrase used by one of the President's contemporaries, was the very simile used in 1896 by French Physician Bernard-Jean Antonin Marfan when he described the syndrome that was named for him.

Schwartz has also presented an ingenious bit of evidence that Lincoln had a specific cardiovascular problem also associated with Marfan's syndrome: imperfect closure of the valves of the aorta, the large artery that carries blood from the heart. The clue appeared in a picture of the President taken in 1863. Lincoln had his legs crossed, and in an otherwise sharp photo, the left foot—suspended in the air—is blurred. When viewing the print, Lincoln asked why the foot was fuzzy. A friend familiar with physiology suggested

that the throbbing arteries in the leg might have caused some movement. Lincoln promptly crossed his legs and watched. "That's it!" he exclaimed. "Now that's very curious, isn't it?" Not to Schwartz. The Marfan-caused defect, he points out, results in "aortic regurgitation," which causes pulses of blood strong enough to shake the lower leg.

Schwartz has also found in the President's own words what he believes to be good evidence that before Lincoln was shot he was "in a state of early congestive heart failure"—brought on by his aortic condition. About seven weeks be-



Abraham Lincoln, photographed in 1863

In the blurred left foot, an important clue.

fore Lincoln's assassination, for example, he told his friend Joshua Speed: "My feet and hands of late seem to be always cold, and I ought perhaps to be in bed." Though he was only 56 in 1865, Abe was also easily fatigued toward the end. "There is only one word that can express my condition," he said, "and that is 'flabbiness.'" Once, shortly before his death, he tried to get out of bed but fell back, too weak to rise. Only a day before Lincoln was shot, his wife Mary wrote of the President's "severe headache" and indisposition. Concludes Schwartz: the faulty aortic valves resulted in "a decompensating left ventricle

which was the undiagnosed or concealed cause of the President's failing health."

Schwartz, who teaches medicine at the University of Southern California, concedes that his 20-year study is an "obsession." When his five children visited Disneyland with him, he recalls, he used to have Lincoln-head pennies in his pocket; they would be awarded to the first child who could identify "a Marfan" in the crowd. His office is cluttered with busts of Lincoln. In 1976 he abandoned private practice and joined the geriatric department of a state mental hospital. Reason: so that he could have nights and weekends free to search Lincoln literature for more clues to Marfan's syndrome. ■

Bread and Iron

Too much of a good thing?

As almost everyone knows, iron is routinely added to "enriched" flour and bread because the element, needed to make hemoglobin, is stripped out in the grain-milling process. But disturbing news from Sweden suggests that too much iron may trigger a serious and often fatal hereditary illness. It is an iron storage disorder called hemochromatosis, and it causes its victims, mostly male, to absorb too much iron. Possible results: liver disease, diabetes, impotence, sterility, heart failure, even sudden death.

The disease has always been regarded as extremely rare. But doctors at Östersund Hospital and in the Swedish district of Hede have just reported a surprising number of cases. After seeing ten cases in two years, Dr. K. Sigvard Olsson and colleagues screened 347 people, 96.4% of the total community between the ages of 30 to 39, for the disorder. No women, but four out of almost 200 men—"a remarkably high figure" of 2%—showed early signs of hemochromatosis.

Swedes get 42% of their dietary iron from fortified foods. The Swedish doctors are careful not to draw a causal link between the incidence of iron overload and Sweden's 30-year-old iron fortification program. But they warn that under such a program, people genetically predisposed to hemochromatosis are at risk.

Still, their findings may deal the final blow to a proposal, heatedly debated since 1970, to triple the present amount of iron added to U.S. flour and breads. Americans now receive about 25% of their dietary iron from such products. The proposal has been endorsed by nutrition experts as a preventive against iron deficiency, especially in women. But hematologists, led by William Crosby of the La Jolla, Calif., Scripps Clinic and Research Foundation, have steadily argued that on the basis of available information, an increase in iron is neither needed, effective nor safe. ■

Cinema



Anthony Quinn and Jacqueline Bisset on the beach in *The Greek Tycoon*

Yachts of Luck

THE GREEK TYCOON

Directed by J. Lee Thompson
Screenplay by Mort Fine

In one scene Jacqueline Bisset, playing the Jacqueline Kennedy role, complains about the cuisine on the yacht; she's really not into Greek food. What would she prefer? inquires Anthony Quinn, playing the Aristotle Onassis role. Italian? French? The latter. No problem! he cries. He'll have it flown in daily from Maxim's, though how he expects to keep the white sauce from separating in flight is not clear. But the point is made: we are here in the lap of a *luxe* so grand as to be unimaginable to us poor mortals who count ourselves lucky to fly in the general direction of Maxim's a few times during our lives.

But we must not think that the makers of this film intend merely to wow us with gaudy excess. No, no, no. They have soul. Quinn is discovered brooding sadly over his wife's beauty. Why does it make him gloomy? Because, he says, all beautiful things must eventually fade. That is in the nature of things. He is full of such slack epigrams, otherwise known as folk wisdom. Though this trait is more laughable than memorable, it serves the function of making him human, despite his wealth, his international wheeling and dealing, his lusty eye for wenches. Indeed, since everyone who has been in reach of a newspaper over the past 15 years knows in broad outline the later-life stories of Jackie and Ari, the movie's only surprise is the attitude that it takes toward them. It is not sen-

sational or lascivious; it is, strangely enough, rather sweet-spirited. *The Greek Tycoon* doesn't even have a good decadent party scene.

Oh, "Theo" is crude, a little vulgar in his materialism, but really kind of nice once you get to know him. "Liz" is, perhaps, a bit standoffish, but also quite a nice girl once she loosens up. Of course, they have their tempestuous moments, but what marriage doesn't have its rough spots? The pair settle down very nicely together on the yacht or his private island, and she even gets used to his little quirks—like not getting rid of his mistress after the marriage. Later, following the death of his son, Theo is seen suddenly to age. Liz shows a steely side; she is frightfully patient as he turns into Zorba right before her eyes.

For all we groundlings know, that may really be how it was between the historical figures on whom *The Greek Tycoon* is based, and certainly the reality of their lives together is none of our business. On the other hand, if you are going to be so tasteless as to start a movie like this one, it seems silly to try to act discreet once you go to work on it. Maybe the producers were afraid of offending what they would surely refer to as "powerful interests." More likely, though, given their laughably naive notions of just how the rich are different from you and me, they couldn't imagine their lovers acting any differently from some Scarsdale or Beverly Hills pair trying to make a go of a second marriage. So, if one gives the film makers high marks for pleasantness of temperament, one must also charge them with that most heinous of show-biz crimes: dullness relieved only by an occasional flight of vapidity.

—Richard Schickel

Nice Guy

THE END

Directed by Burt Reynolds
Screenplay by Jerry Belson

If Burt Reynolds wanted to, he could spend the rest of his life playing nice guys in trivial movies. He is the best light leading man around, and as long as he plays it safe, he can pull in the big bucks. But Reynolds is restless; he tries to stretch himself. In *Hustle* and *Semi-Tough*, his macho screen personality has been tempered by moments of vulnerability and wistfulness. In *Gator* he plunged into directing. Not all of these experiments have paid off, but they do make for a fascinating career. In contrast to such superstars as Clint Eastwood and Robert Redford, Reynolds is still capable of surprising his fans.

The End contains the most surprises yet. In this comedy, which he also directed, Reynolds plays Sonny Lawson, a shady real estate man who learns he has only a year to live. Even if the film were successful, diehard Reynolds devotees wouldn't buy it. *The End* aspires to tastelessness and its hero is a jerk. Since the movie is a mess, Reynolds cannot win.

Aside from an opening that recalls the old Nichols-May "doctor" routines, the script is flimsy and unfocused. Coming from Jerry Belson (Smile, TV's *Dick Van Dyke Show*), this is especially depressing. Belson wastes energy on repetitive slapstick bits that show the hero's bungled suicide attempts; *The End*'s second half boggs down describing an unfunny friendship between Sonny and a clownish schizo (a mugging Dom DeLuise) whom he meets at a nuthouse. The film's characters and intentions are blurred and trivialized. What should have been a scabrous black comedy in the manner of Carl Reiner's *Where's Poppa?* devolves into a pointless, centrifugal cartoon.

As a director, Reynolds does little to help. By casting stars (among them Sally Field and Joanne Woodward) as Sonny's loved ones, he makes the film look like a series of set pieces. There is no structure and no pacing. More awkward still, Reynolds has miscast himself. Sonny seems to be a Jewish neurotic, but Reynolds' many talents do not include an ability to impersonate Woody Allen.

What is mainly appealing about Reynolds' work in *The End* is his sheer gallantry. He allows his co-stars to upstage him; he lets one actress, the wonderful Kristy McNichol (of TV's *Family*), steal the movie in a minor role. That is the kind of generosity audiences expect from Reynolds, but when he directs again he should cut it out. As the chaos of *The End* indicates, overly nice film makers finish last.

—Frank Rich

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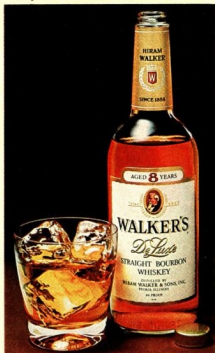
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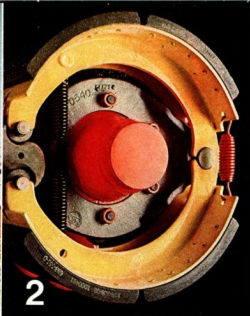
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Static

FM

Directed by John A. Alonzo
Screenplay by Ezra Sacks

Depending on one's point of view, *FM* is either 1) some Hollywood executive's idea of an extravagant practical joke or 2) a major breakthrough in avant-garde cinema or 3) the most amateurish major studio release so far this year. Those moviegoers who conclude that *FM* is 1) or 2) will find the film a fascinating experience. Those who decide that *FM* is in fact 3) may want to write the film's distributor, Universal Pictures, and demand their ticket money back. But any moviegoer with a taste for adventure will surely want to watch the evidence and make up his own mind. Films like *FM* just don't come along every day of the week: they are usually locked up in studio vaults or sold directly to cable television.

FM marks the directing debut of Cinematographer John A. Alonzo (*Chinatown*), who here reveals some rather provocative notions about film making. *FM* seems to be two hours of unedited footage thrown together without regard for the admittedly old-fashioned niceties of narrative movies; indeed, at any given moment, it is impossible to decipher what is going on in *FM* or to identify the characters on-screen. It is also quite difficult to make out what anyone is saying. In what must be the most innovative use of sound since Woody Allen's *What's Up, Tiger Lily?* (1966), Alonzo has decreed that much of the movie's crucial dialogue



Deejays on strike in *FM*

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Bell System

Cinema

be drowned out by either rock music or random background noise. Perhaps lip readers will be able to judge the merits of *FM*'s actors, who include Martin Mull, Michael Brandon and Eileen Brennan.

Alonzo's principal collaborator on *FM* is Ezra Sacks, a screenwriter with an unabashed affection for recent American movies. His script, which seems to be about a war between hip deejays and crass moneybags at a Los Angeles radio station, is a scrupulous homage to such entertainments as *Car Wash* and *Between the Lines*. At least one of his three jokes is right out of *M*A*S*H*. Film buffs will undoubtedly have a whale of a time picking out such references to other movies; viewers with a less academic bent may wonder if Sacks might not be trafficking in stolen goods. Maybe it doesn't make any difference. In the end, only history can conclusively determine whether *FM* is Hollywood's answer to *Last Year at Marienbad* or just a particularly rank piece of garbage.

—F.R.

Stale Pastry

DEAR DETECTIVE

Directed by Philippe de Broca
Screenplay by Philippe de Broca
and Michel Audard

Thanks to the surprise American success of *Cousin, Cousine*, almost every French comedy is now exported to the U.S. *Dear Detective*, a dreary account of a middle-aged love affair, is one of the latest such movies to arrive, and it should never have left the Parisian suburbs. This film tries to spin charm by playing the audience with closeups of pastry and long shots of the Eiffel Tower. Not even Maurice Chevalier would have been amused.

The title character is a female police inspector (Annie Girardot) who falls madly in love with an absent-minded Sorbonne professor (Philippe Noiret). Together these two whimsical types engage in such breezy activities as eating dinner, singing in the rain and kissing impulsively. In between these escapades, the heroine must solve a murder case of spectacularly uninteresting dimensions. You can always tell when *Dear Detective* is about to switch from romance to crime because the musical score suddenly becomes quite creepy.

For Director Philippe de Broca (*King of Hearts*), this should be the end of the line. *Dear Detective* is by far the worst product of a career blighted by increasingly terrible movies. Despite the presence of two fine stars, the film does not contain a single spontaneous scene; the supporting players and extras often appear to be mannequins. If there is anyone alive in the movie, it is only Catherine Alier, a blonde bombshell cast in the gratuitous role of a blonde bombshell. Regrettably, she does not fully disrobe in view of the camera.

—F.R.

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Books

Illuminations of the Grotesque

SAMUEL BECKETT: A BIOGRAPHY by Deirdre Bair
 Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; 736 pages; \$19.95

In 1971 a Columbia University Ph.D. candidate sent a letter to Samuel Beckett in Paris asking if she could write his biography. This was clearly a folly of youth and inexperience. Everyone knew that scholarly big guns on both sides of the Atlantic were lined up waiting for a shot at the Beckett biography, stymied only by what everyone knew: the Nobel prizewinner would never sit still for any prying into his personal life.

Yet Beckett did just that for Deirdre Bair. He said he would neither help nor hinder her, but then proceeded to do things that looked suspiciously like help: answering questions, writing letters of introduction, letting friends and associates know that they could cooperate or not with the young biographer as they pleased. Many hundreds did, and Biographer Bair had six years of work cut out for her. They were worth it. *Samuel Beckett* could have come swaddled in doctoral dissertationese, a hedging, clotted tongue as dead as ancient Babylonian. Instead, the book is a model of judicious, lively scholarship, an impressive translation of an enigma into a man.

The large facts of Beckett's life are fairly well known, and Bair adds nothing

major to them. But her accretion of small details softens the hard edges of Beckett's known past and published works. Born into a prosperous Irish Protestant family in 1906, Beckett was a crashingly normal, if sometimes diffident lad up through his graduation from Trinity College, Dublin. His skill with languages brought him a two-year fellowship in Paris and the promise of a teaching post at Trinity when he finished. In Paris, Beckett joined the circle of acolytes surrounding James Joyce; the young Irishman's first published work was an essay championing his senior countryman. Joyce's daughter Lucia, who was drifting into the schizophrenia that would eventually disable her, fixated on Beckett as a soul mate. She knew her man.

Back in Dublin, Beckett at first played the weary Continental poseur, then, to his parents' horror, degenerated quickly into a bum. The cause was a crippling depression that left him spending weeks in bed, curled in the fetal position, his body racked with apparently psychosomatic symptoms: boils, cysts, headaches, colds, flu, bursitis. Beckett tried to fight back by drinking heavily and flying into periodic rages. When these attempts failed, he began cultivating an air of contemptuous indifference to the world and its pains. "All I want to do," he told a friend, "is sit on my ass and fart and think of Dante."

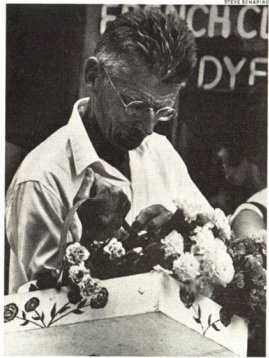
He did much more, of course. He wrote furiously, turning out book after book that the world ignored. *Murphy*, his first novel, was rejected by 42 publishers. He complained bitterly: "I do not feel like spending the rest of my life writing books that no one will read. It was not as though I wanted to write them." Compulsively, he kept on. Not until age 47, when *Waiting for Godot* created a sensation on the Paris stage, did Beckett escape a hand-to-mouth existence.

Samuel Beckett performed some brave work with the French Resistance during World War II. He married a woman seven years his senior in 1961 after having lived with her for almost a quarter-century. Bair neatly captures this

Excerpt

“To the dismay of some of his friends, Beckett began to imitate Joyce's mannerisms. He dangled his cigarettes carelessly from limp-wristed hands. Although he was nearsighted, his eyes were not then seriously troublesome, but he held books and papers up close to his glasses in the same attitude of languid exhaustion that Joyce affected in order to cover his very real inability to see clearly.

Beckett even wore pointed-toe patent leather pumps that were too small because he wanted to wear the same shoe in the same size as Joyce, who was very proud of his small, neatly shod feet. Joyce had been vain about his feet since his youth, when poverty forced him to go about Dublin in a pair of white tennis shoes, the only footwear he owned. It is impossible to know if Joyce was even aware of Beckett's slavish gesture, for his eyes were so weak that he saw very little. What is intriguing about this imitative gesture is the sacrificial element involved in the picture of Beckett, suffering terribly from huge corns and terrible calluses, walking only with great pain. He must have pulled off his shoes in much the same way as his character, Estragon, pulls off his horrible misshapen boots in the first act of *Waiting for Godot* with a sigh of infinite relief.”




Beckett selects flowers for movie *Film* in Manhattan (1964)

A total-loss view of life dense and dark as a black hole.

offbeat union: "She catered to all his comforts, seeing that he had food, clean laundry and linen, and he allowed her to live in his apartment and do all that she wanted for him."

With few exceptions, what is most interesting and important about Beckett has transpired in his mind. This is the hardest and riskiest area for a biographer to penetrate, but Bair manages to avoid pop-psych theorizing and to let what facts there are speak for themselves. After a long period of psychoanalysis and a chance attendance at a lecture by Carl Jung, Beckett decided that he had not fully been born. This, he felt, explained his fondness for curling up in dark rooms, his urge to hide from an insistently garish reality. "I'm looking for my mother to kill her," says the narrator of *The Unnamable*. "I should have thought of that a bit earlier, before being born." Beckett's own austere, tyrannical mother hounded him and his thoughts; he could not stand to be with her and writhed with guilt when he was away. His succinct comment: "What a relationship!"

Beckett's total-loss view of life is as dense and dark as a black hole. Mirac-



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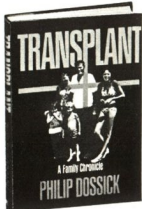
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Books

Epic Terror

A SAVAGE WAR OF PEACE

by Alistair Horne

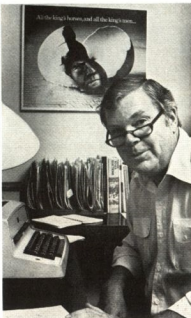
Viking; 604 pages; \$19.95

All Saints' Day, a Christian feast that commemorates the spiritual heroism of the early martyrs, has a double significance to the French. With a canny sense of symbolism, Algeria's fledgling *Front de Libération Nationale* (F.L.N.) chose Nov. 1, 1954, as the day to launch its rebellion. In the wintry mountains of the Aurès, Muslim *djounoud* (soldiers of the faith) attacked a police station at Biskra, wounding two gendarmes. At Khenchela, a lieutenant, Gérard Darneau, was mortally wounded by machine-gun fire—the first French officer to die in the conflict.

The troubles in Algeria were barely noted in Paris newspapers, even though an F.L.N. proclamation of the struggle for independence was broadcast by Cairo radio and circulated in pamphlets throughout the country. Nonetheless, the All Saints' uprising—swiftly followed by savage reprisals against Algeria's Muslim majority—marked the beginning of a bloody conflict that lasted for nearly eight years. It led to the birth of a new republic and the eradication of the French presence in North Africa. But at what a cost! According to Algerian figures, as many as 1 million Muslims died during and after the war. French casualties, military and civilian, are estimated at 27,000 killed and some 65,000 injured. When the end came, a terrible exodus began. Forced to choose between "the suitcase or the coffin," nearly 1 million white *pied noir* settlers tearfully abandoned their homeland. For more than a century it had been considered as much a part of France as Brittany or Provence.

As *A Savage War of Peace* notes, France's involvement with Algeria proved more trap than treasure from the beginning. Armies of the Bourbon King Charles X first laid claim to the old Barbary coast in 1830; in 1847 Algeria was formally incorporated into France as three huge departments. The white *colons* were French citizens; the native Muslims were merely residents, subject to taxes and military service but with very limited voting privileges. From time to time, men of good will suggested various ways of expanding Muslim rights, only to see the reforms rejected by the *pieds noirs* and their archconservative allies in Paris.

Algeria was the last colonial war, although, as Author Horne observes, the situation that created it has certain parallels to Rhodesia and South Africa. Embittered by its recent defeat at Dien Bien Phu, the French army was determined not to let it happen in Algeria, and twice the war was nearly won. In 1957



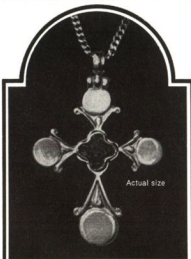
Tom Wicker at work

Honest and excruciatingly self-evident.

Seal on a bale of hay at his Texas ranch, hold a brief press conference and ride off on his horse. The columnist also remembers an intense young man who showed up in his Washington office with fantastic tales of U.S. duplicity. Wicker sent him away for lack of proof; three years later the visitor, Daniel Ellsberg, returned to the *Times* with the Pentagon papers.

On the subject of those papers, Wicker meanders to one of his few passionate assertions: short of war and other immediate threats to life, there is hardly any justification for claiming "national security" as an excuse for keeping things from the public. He also denounces competition as an evil force in journalism, resulting less often in better news coverage than in sensationalism. Some hard-charging reporters may find Wicker's assertion mildly heretical.

His bosses will like his grand conclusion even less: the press is too busy producing and selling its product on deadline, and is too closely allied with the ruling business establishment, to exert the kind of boat-rocking power denounced by such critics as Senator William Proxmire and a few *TV Guide* columnists. Thus it is safer and more profitable for a newspaper to denounce "Son of Sam" or the Hillside Strangler than neighborhood supermarket pricing policies. Especially on ad-filled Thursdays. "My life in journalism has persuaded me that the press too often tries to guard its freedom by shirking its responsibility, and that this leads to default on both," he writes. "What the press in America needs is less inhibition, not more restraint." —Donald Morrison



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Books



French units round up Algerian rebels (1957)
Between the suitcase and the coffin.

the feared paratroopers of General Jacques Massu, using torture on a scale that shocked and sickened Frenchmen, destroyed the F.L.N. underground network during the Battle of Algiers. Two years later, punishing French raids shattered the morale of starving, undersupplied F.L.N. units in rural strongholds. Many of the cadres seemed ready to sue for peace. With some justice, French commanders complained that decisive thrusts against the F.L.N. were frustrated by the waffling of politicians in Paris. Thus the generals had plotted to undermine the rudderless Fourth Republic and restore De Gaulle to power.

On his first visit to Algiers, De Gaulle sent a cheering mob of *colons* in the Forum into near ecstasy with his celebrated opening words: "Je vous ai compris" (I have understood you). To the *piéds noirs*, it was a sign that De Gaulle accepted the idea of *Algérie Française*—and perhaps at the time he did. Yet to the dismay of the army and the fury of the settlers, De Gaulle eventually concluded that Algeria would have to be sacrificed for the greater glory of France. In 1961 there was a generals' putsch that failed ignominiously. At its end, the battle-tested "green berets" of the proud First Foreign Legion Parachute Regiment, who had backed the coup, were trucked off to Zéralda for the disbanding of their disgraced unit. The watching *piéds noirs* wept; the Legionnaires roared out the words of Edith Piaf's plaintive song, "Je ne regrette rien."

The Algerian war has elements of epic grandeur and terror that cry out for a Thucydides, if not a Gibbon to describe them. British Historian Horne,

whose previous books include three studies of Franco-German conflicts, may not be in that league, but it is difficult to imagine the story much better told. His lucid, compelling narrative is studded with snapshots of insight; Algiers without the boisterous *piéds noirs*, he reports, is today a surly, unsmiling city, "with the architecture of Cannes, but the atmosphere of Aberdeen." Horne's judgments are generous and fair, to winners and losers alike. Of the latter, undoubtedly the most pathetic were the thousands of *harkis*, Muslim soldiers who fought bravely, even desperately with the French armies. Unprotected by the 1962 Evian accords that ratified France's exit, they were disarmed by their comrades and turned over to the vengeful justice of the F.L.N. Some of the *harkis* were castrated and burned alive; others were forced to swallow their decorations and then buried in graves they had dug with their own hands. Moderation and reason, Horne grimly concludes, remain the first victims of revolutionary war.

—John T. Elson

Editors' Choice

FICTION: *Airships*, Barry Hannah
Final Payments, Mary Gordon
Kalki, Gore Vidal • *The World According to Garp*, John Irving

NONFICTION: *And I Worked at the Writer's Trade*, Malcolm Cowley
A Place for Noah, Josh Greenfield
Coming into the Country, John McPhee • *Dispatches*, Michael Herr
Passions and Prejudices, Leo Rosten

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *Bloodline*, Sheldon (2 last week)
2. *Scraples*, Krantz (3)
3. *The Holcroft Covenant*, Ludlum (1)
4. *The Human Factor*, Greene (4)
5. *The Thorn Birds*, McCullough (5)
6. *A Stranger Is Watching*, Clark (6)
7. *The Last Convertible*, Myrer (9)
8. *Whistle*, Jones (8)
9. *Kalki*, Vidal
10. *The Silmarillion*, Tolkien (7)

NONFICTION

1. *The Complete Book of Running*, Fixx (1)
2. *If Life Is a Bowl of Cherries—What Am I Doing in the Pits?*, Bombeck (3)
3. *My Mother/My Self*, Friday (2)
4. *Adrien Arpel's 3-Week Crash Makeover/Shapeover Beauty Program*, Arpel with Ebenstein (4)
5. *Pulling Your Own Strings*, Dyer
6. *In His Image*, Rorvik (7)
7. *The Amityville Horror*, Anson (5)
8. *Metropolitan Life*, Lebowitz (6)
9. *Running and Being*, Sheehan
10. *The Only Investment Guide You'll Ever Need*, Tobias

Environment

Deforestation and Disaster

Without trees, a tropical ecosystem turns wasteland



Boy (center) shows precancerous lesions

The scorching sun roasts the skeletons of jacaranda trees. The soil, dry and hard, looks like baked clay. Rivers, once navigated by 5,000-ton ships, are now so choked by sand bars that a canoe can barely nose through. Bridges cross dry gulches overgrown with weeds and shrubs. Many once plentiful plants and birds are gone, and human beings who live there are disfigured by skin cancer. The scene is 300 sq. mi. in the Brazilian state of Espírito Santo, a once lush strip north of Rio de Janeiro that is now on its way to becoming a desert. The cause of this ecological disaster: man.

Some three decades ago, descendants of German Pomeranian immigrants, who had farmed in Brazil's mountains for a hundred years, moved toward the coast and settled in the tropical Atlântica forest. Clearing the land for farming, these settlers burned valuable jacaranda and peroba trees. Once a road was built, the region was open for an invasion of wood exporters, armed with chain saws, who cut down the rest of the forest. Any wood not exported was consigned as fuel to Brazil's burgeoning steel industry.

"The area went from forest to zero," laments Brazilian Environmentalist Augusto Ruschi. "There were no gradual, intermediate stages. Within 20 years, the Atlântica forest was turned into pasture lands and coffee plantations, and now the area is marching toward desertification." The process is hastened by decreased rainfall. Even when it does rain the water runs off quickly, because there are no tree roots left to hold it. Nutrients are washed away, and the land can barely

support the Pomeranians' cattle and subsistence crops.

As a result, the entire ecosystem is completely off balance. During the past 20 years, at least 450 varieties of plants and 204 species of birds have disappeared from the region. With so many of their natural enemies gone, pests and parasites have proliferated, attacking grass, leaves and fruit. Says Farmer Franz Hummel, "Nobody even bothers to raise papaya any more—they are all full of bugs."

Plants and birds are not the only things to suffer. Says Dr. Douglas Pupp, chairman of the dermatology department at the Federal University of Espírito Santo: "Ninety percent of the people I examine from that area have skin cancer or precancerous lesions." The reason: the light-skinned Pomeranians have far less melanin, a protective pigment, than most other, darker-skinned Brazilians. With the trees gone, says Pupp, "children are constantly in the sun. We try to warn them, but you can't expect kids to walk around in hats and long sleeves in the middle heat."

While the Pomeranians can move away from the region, there is no quick cure for a dying ecosystem that took thousands of years to create. The Brazilian government has offered fiscal incentives for reforestation of the area, but profit-hungry companies respond by planting Australian eucalyptus and American pine, trees better suited for making a quick buck than for restoring an original habitat. Says Ruschi: "There are laws prohibiting the killing of rare species, but there are no laws preventing the destruction of the whole forest." Environmentalists are calling for conservation, but for many Brazilians, economic development remains the top priority—even in the face of ecological devastation.

It Makes Scents

Using sex against bugs

In the war between bugs and man, the bugs have lately had the upper hand. Making a comeback from their near defeat after World War II by DDT and other chemical formulations, insects have become immune to many pesticides: their lot has also been made easier by the banning of many bug killers that are harmful to health and environment. As a result, insects are again on the march, spreading disease and inflicting costly damage on crops and forests. But now man is about to unleash a new and Machiavellian weapon against which

bugs seemingly have no defense: sex.

For the first time, the Environmental Protection Agency has approved for commercial use as a pesticide an insect sex pheromone, the scent emitted by a female to attract males. The new substance, being marketed by Albany International under the trade name Gossypure H.F., is actually a synthesized version of the scent given off by female pink bollworm moths. These insects produce caterpillars that eat their way through the cotton crops in Southern California and Arizona, costing farmers some \$40 million a year in damage and control expenses.

Gossypure proves the old adage that nothing succeeds like excess. When it is sprayed on a cotton field, it so saturates the air with female pink bollworm moth pheromone that the male moths sometimes go on indiscriminate sex orgies. They try to mate with sticks, stones, vegetation or anything else in the vicinity. However they react, they are seldom able to find the available females; they soon become so accustomed to the scent that they no longer respond to it. The result: a sharp drop in the population of caterpillars young—and crop damage. In field tests near Blythe, Calif., last year, only 10% of cotton crops treated with Gossypure were damaged, compared with 80% in unsprayed areas.

Gossypure won EPA approval after laboratory tests showed that it was harmless to humans, wildlife and vegetation and had no effect on other species of insects. (Standard chemical sprays used on cotton fields also kill insects that are beneficial to the crop.) It is conceivable, so to speak, that the bollworm could evolve immunity to its own sex pheromone—for example, by producing a different scent. But scientists could then synthesize the new pheromone and continue to control the frustrated moths.



Pink bollworm moth on cotton leaf

Orgies with sticks, stones and vegetation.

Time Essay

Threat to an American Tradition

John W. Gardner, the founding chairman of Common Cause and formerly Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, sees danger in certain proposals that have come forth lately from various tax reformers to eliminate or reduce the charitable contributions that Americans can deduct from taxable income. He stated his case recently at a United Way conference in a speech on which this essay is based:

"These Americans are a peculiar people. If, in a local community, a citizen becomes aware of a human need which is not being met, he thereupon discusses the situation with his neighbors. Suddenly a committee comes into existence. The committee thereupon begins to operate on behalf of the need and a new community function is established. It is like watching a miracle, because these citizens perform this act without a single reference to any bureaucracy, or any official agency."

Just so, 150 years ago, Tocqueville described a unique feature of the American system. It is the spontaneous working of a creative public spirit. Out of this fundamental national trait have come such vitally important institutions as libraries, museums, civic organizations, great universities, the United Way, the Little Leagues, the Salvation Army, symphony orchestras, garden clubs, historical societies, adoption services, hospitals, religious organizations, Alcoholics Anonymous, the 4-H clubs. Indeed, this American spirit reaches into almost every field of human interest. Tied to another powerful American tradition—that of private giving for public purposes—the volunteer spirit has released incredible human energy and commitment in behalf of community all over the country.

Yet in the next two or three years the Federal Government may destroy this feature of the American system. The destruction could be accomplished silently and invisibly—in the name of tax reform. The threat lies in proposals that would reduce, directly and indirectly, the charitable contributions Americans itemize as deductions from taxable income. And there are even those who, with the intent of simplifying the tax code, would eliminate such deductions entirely. With due respect to the reformers, the alarm should be shouted: Our tradition of private giving for public purposes is endangered by some of their good intentions.

Up till now, Government tax policy has deliberately fostered that tradition. The deductibility of charitable gifts is based on the idea that it is good for a great many people, independently, privately, to contribute to charitable, religious, scientific and educational activities of their choice. Such giving supports the American pluralism that allows all kinds of people to take the initiative in all kinds of activities. In reality, the tradition that has produced the innumerable institutions that are sometimes called the nonprofit sector lies at the very heart of our intellectual and spiritual strivings. The deductibility of charitable donations has been only an expression of that larger philosophy.

Now there is a new school of thought with a very different view. It holds that a deductible dollar donated, say, to a school for blind children, would have found its way into the federal treasury—if it had not been deductible. That dollar is therefore to be regarded as Government money—and labeled a "tax expenditure." This new doctrine began innocently enough with a concern about the multiplicity of existing tax loopholes. It made sense to calculate the amount of benefits granted by the Government through allowable deductions—as, say, certain indus-

trial tax credit. So the term "tax expenditure" was invented as a convenient way to describe such an amount. Some tax-simplification theorists just have not given much thought to the implications of applying that term to voluntary charitable donations. But there is another type of theorist we have to cope with: the Government-knows-best type, who positively resents the freedom of the tax-deductible gift. His argument is to eliminate the deductibility of that dollar given to the school for the blind, take the money into the treasury and, if the school needs money, let Congress and the federal agencies appropriate it.

Such a doctrine makes the head ache. The American people have been remarkably resourceful in launching activities to serve their communities. They freely give \$30 billion a year and contribute God knows how many billion more in nonmonetary services. Now Americans are told that Congress and the Government bureaucracies could do a better job.

Somehow the available evidence on Government efficiency (speaking with the respect of one who served two tours of duty in Government) does not drive one toward that conclusion. But apart from the question of efficiency, if Government pre-empted "charitable" functions, what outlet would be left for personal caring and concern? Can anyone believe that a manual of regulations from Washington would unlock the miraculous energy which has been so impressive since the days of Tocqueville?

The truth is that the present charitable deduction is not adequate to bring out the best of which Americans are capable. Even recent increases in the standard deduction—five in the last eight years—decreased the number of taxpayers itemizing deductions from almost 50% in 1970 to less than 25% today. The result damaged the voluntary sector. Contributions to public charities decreased, with losses recently estimated at \$5 billion. In 1977 alone, greater use of the standard deduction could cost voluntary American institutions some \$1.3 billion. It is estimated that only 16% of taxpayers will itemize deductions (and thus have an added incentive to make charitable donations) if the Carter Administration's tax reform proposals are enacted.

What would result if the new antidebt doctrine ever were in force is not pleasant to contemplate. As it is, the trend is already running against voluntarism. The only way to reverse this trend is to amend the tax code to allow all taxpayers to deduct charitable gifts whether they itemize or not. This change alone would eliminate a twofold danger: first, that denying most Americans any encouragement to give will bring more Government into their lives; second, that charitable giving will become the province of only the wealthy.

The Government will best contribute to the health of the society if it actively furthers the vitality of the private, voluntary sector. We must wake up to the fact that the government of a gigantic, tumultuous society cannot be administered entirely by a conventional, centralized, top-down governmental hierarchy. Local levels of government and local private institutions are going to have to figure out how they can collaborate to make things work in the community. The old American trait of voluntary activity and giving is indispensable to that end.

Finally, it is not easy to make a blanket defense of private giving; after all, it consists of so many unrelated, unofficial, unclassifiable activities. Yet that diversity is one of the qualities that make it beautiful. It is an area in which freedom survives and flourishes. Let's keep it that way.



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